

H. W. Bush

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,604.—VOL. LXII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 19, 1886.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



NEW YORK.—THE GREAT SUBURBAN RACE, ON THE COURSE OF THE CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB, AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, JUNE 10TH—POPULAR OVATION TO TROUBADOUR, THE WINNER.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 279.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1886.

GLADSTONE APPEALS TO THE COUNTRY.

ALL over England and Scotland the Tories have been ringing bells and building bonfires as if the adverse vote of the House of Commons on Gladstone's Bill really settled the Home Rule question. At the same time the more turbulent people among the Irish who oppose the Parnell movement—that part of Ireland's northern population which has complained that it would be oppressed and maltreated by a Dublin Parliament—have been manifesting their sentiments by a series of extraordinary riots, involving a heavy loss of life. Both of these celebrations are premature. The defeat of the Bill in the Commons means nothing more than the temporary success of Mr. Chamberlain's insincere and obstructive policy. The question of justice to Ireland is postponed in its final settlement for a few months, but it is meanwhile referred to the voters of the United Kingdom, and it is their deliberately and directly expressed will that can alone give permanent effect to Mr. Gladstone's plans for Ireland's good.

The spirit and presage of speedy victory are in all the movements of the Liberal Party since the House of Commons rejected the Home Rule Bill by a vote of 341 to 311. On the part of the present Government and its supporters and allies there has been no indecision. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell are fast making history. The appeal to the country is to be at once. On Thursday last the impending dissolution of Parliament was officially announced. The Queen has sanctioned the resolution, and has made no attempt to delay a settlement of the main question by recommending the experiment of a coalition Ministry. The Conservative bonfires had scarcely done burning before Mr. Gladstone was deep in plans for the coming campaign. Under the lead of Mr. Labouchere, one of the most radical of Radicals, and one of the most level-headed of English politicians, the influence of Chamberlain with that wing of the Liberal Party is to be counteracted as far as possible by thorough organization in the true interests of the Irish cause. Every constituency in England and Scotland is to have the opportunity to vote for a candidate pledged to Home Rule. The elections will be over before this year's harvests are in; and the new House of Commons, coming directly from the people at a time when the popular interest centres in this one great question, will be made up directly with reference to its permanent settlement. The Irish hold the balance of power throughout the Kingdom, and who can doubt what the verdict will be?

In the confident and cheerful utterances of the Liberal Press, as in the prompt, courageous course of the party leaders, there is, we say, the presage of success. The drift of public opinion east of the Irish Channel is unmistakably towards a broad and democratic treatment of Ireland's demands. Since the foremost of English statesmen made Ireland's cause his own, it has ceased to be fashionable even in polite Conservative circles to sneer at the grievances of a people wronged for centuries. The masterly peroration of Mr. Gladstone's speech last week voiced the best sentiment of England and Scotland, even while it echoed Ireland's bitter reproaches. And the enlightened opinion of the whole free world outside of Great Britain, and even outside of the United States, where the Home Rule movement has received so much warm sympathy and so much material aid, is with Mr. Gladstone as he goes to the country for support in the most important work that he has ever undertaken.

But what a tremendous load of labor and responsibility the appeal throws upon this wonderful man for the next three months! At his age, and with his failing physical powers, will he be able to carry it through? He does not seem to pause even to consider the question. He flings himself into the work of the new canvass with the vigor of a man of fifty. The personal sacrifice which Mr. Gladstone is making for the sake of a political principle is not the least interesting feature of the final and decisive battle for Home Rule. It is an heroic climax to a marvelous career; and the friends of Ireland can only hope that life and health may continue with him until he sees his last great plan of constructive statesmanship an accomplished fact.

WHY THE DELAY?

THE results up to date in the Broadway Surface Railroad case are, the conviction of one bribe-taker and the indictment of the others, and the indictment of one alleged bribe-giver. It is reported that the last Grand Jury found indictments against seven bribe-givers, but only one was arrested. The present jury is expected to find new indictments, and the public expects that warrants will be issued and served. Due allowance is made for the tremendous pressure of business at the District Attorney's office, and excellent work has been done in the cases of Jaehne, Most and his fellow-Anarchists, and various aggressive boycotters. But there is a not unreasonable feeling that the prosecution is proceeding

very slowly. If indictments were found against "Jake" Sharp and other reputed bribe-givers two months ago, it is hard to understand why the warrants were not served. It is reported as doubtful whether the indicted Aldermen will be tried before September or October. Intimations of political intrigues have been heard in explanation of this delay, and there are some who consider the conviction of Jaehne and the finding of indictments as a sop to satisfy the public. Without attaching too much importance to such rumors, the fact remains that the bribe-givers are rightly counted more guilty than the bribe-takers and the public have been waiting over two months for the arrest of Sharp, the chief of the boodle gang. The arrest of Richmond was well enough, but the public are anxious to see the arrest and prompt trial of Sharp and the other bribers, as well as the speedy trial of the indicted Aldermen. Nothing less will be satisfactory. If any "arrangement" is in progress for the escape of the chief offenders, serious trouble is in store for those who connive at it. The first duty of the Grand Jury is to indict Sharp, and the District Attorney's duty is to see that he is arrested at once and speedily put on trial.

PRISON REFORMS.

PUBLIC attention is directed to certain unsolved problems relating to our penal institutions by the Forty-first Annual Report of the Prison Association of New York. As this Association was the parent and source of the National Prison Association of the United States, was largely instrumental in establishing the Elmira Reformatory, and has afforded material or other aid to more than fifty thousand discharged prisoners, it has won the right to be heard concerning all that relates to the management of our penal institutions and the reformation of their inmates.

The inspection of the county jails, to which this humane society has given much attention, shows that many jails are still defective in construction, are very imperfect parts of the penal machinery, are in no respects reformatory, and are needlessly burdensome in their cost. Notwithstanding these jail prisoners do no work, they are fed at an expense four times greater than that at which State prisoners are fed. The sensible conclusion is that county jails should be used only as houses of detention for prisoners and for accused persons awaiting trial. All convicted criminals should be at once put to work. Labor, remunerative to the prisoner, not idleness, tends towards reform, and besides this, habits of industry are necessary to enable the discharged convict to make his way in the world. The most beneficent work of this Prison Association has been in the direction of supplying employment to those unfortunates who bear the brand of a State prison upon them. To prevent their return to the ranks of the criminal class is a high service to society and the State.

The question of the best mode of employing convict labor receives the thoughtful and candid consideration of this venerable Prison Association of New York. It declares that the true test of the excellence of a system of labor is not the amount of money, but the amount and quality of reformatory influence, it can be made to yield. It concedes that the contract system upon the low plane of present pecuniary profit to the State has worked well in many States. All know that it has made penitentiaries self-supporting, and even sources of revenue, in times past. But it is the opposite of reformatory. It is degrading and hardening to the prisoner. It relaxes or destroys prison discipline.

The Public Account System, when prison labor is employed upon public work for the use of the State, this society holds, is the best conceivable form of convict labor. It recommends, therefore, that such labor be employed to do the State printing and in the manufacture of supplies for use in institutions supported by the State, and in such other public work as may be provided. If this does not afford work enough to keep all the State prisoners from idleness, then the piece-price plan of prison labor should be resorted to. Under both these systems the reformatory and disciplinary treatment of the prisoners is subject to the sole control of the prison authorities. The convict's reclamation and his moral improvement are thus ever subject to the State's watchful care.

To make the State prisons self-supporting, through the labor of the prisoners confined in them, and at the same time make the latter honest and moral men, is the problem yet to be solved in most of the States. The reformation of criminals is the more difficult and more important part of the problem. More religious instruction, more Bible classes, more good reading matter, would seem to be required in all our penal institutions. It might be asked, How many of the wardens and other officers of these penitentiaries are religious or moral men? Had not reform better begin with the custodians of our convicts? These are some of the difficulties that beset the paths of the benevolent and the humane who are striving to lead all men up the immortal way.

THE EXPULSION OF THE PRINCES.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has passed the Bill for the expulsion of the royal Princes. It makes the expulsion of the chief pretenders compulsory, the expulsion of other members of former reigning families

to be optional with the Government. The pretense for this action, preposterous as it may seem at this distance, has a certain substance in this—that while the Princes, be they Orleanist, Bourbon or Napoleonic, in themselves are powerless to damage the Republic, they still have followers clinging to the old traditions, chiefly among the clergy and peasantry, to say nothing of the great army of active adventurers in all the larger cities of France, and these elements under thorough organization and intelligent leadership might make a temporary demonstration. But no one who has studied the present temper of the French people can imagine that there is enough vitality in any one of the factions of the pretenders to make even a respectable showing before the military force that the Republic could summon in an instant. Nor in fact has there been any indication that the Princes intend to interfere with the orderly progress of the Republic; and to the outside world it looks like a confession of weakness on the part of the Government to attempt to expel them from their estates and from national soil—an exhibition of cowardice, and a despotic use of authority, proclaiming that the Republic is only for Republicans, and not for Monarchists or Imperialists.

What would have been thought of the fathers of American Independence had they directed measures of proscription against nearly the whole population of New York city at the close of the War of Independence because the people were loyal to the crown during the eight years of that struggle? But French politicians do not seem to understand that all classes have equal rights under democratic forms, and that the constitution established by the majority governs all alike. To expel the Princes, when they have not violated the laws, but from a desire to confiscate their estates or satisfy any vague and ill-defined fear, is not only political madness, but may serve to set on foot those very conspiracies and intrigues which the Ministry now profess to dread at the hands of the pretenders.

A TIMELY VINDICATION.

THE ashes of the Civil War are still full of fire, ready to burst into flame whenever they are stirred. It is a pity that men on either side will persist in stirring them unnecessarily; but we are almost inclined to thank General Wheeler, of Alabama, for his severe arraignment of Secretary Stanton the other day in the House, since it gave opportunity to Judge Kelley to stand forth in the dead statesman's defense, and to give to the country a very striking private and confidential letter, hitherto unpublished, of that great man, which throws new light upon his conduct as the head of the War Department when General McClellan was Commander-in-chief of the Army. It cannot be expected that the parties to and the participants in the Civil War, however sincere in a common devotion to the Union, will be able to take the same view of the great conflict. There will come a time, let us hope, when North and South will substantially agree in their estimate of the causes and consequences of a struggle so costly in blood and treasure on both sides; but until it does, every act which tends to revive old animosities must be deprecated.

The letter of Mr. Stanton, written May 18th, 1862, under seal of confidence, to the Rev. Dr. Dyer, of New York, reveals the true character of the great War Secretary, and shows that every step he took and every measure he adopted at that critical period was dictated by a supreme devotion to the Union. He was charged at the time with the basest personal motives, chief among which was a deliberate purpose to ruin General McClellan. Debarred by circumstances beyond his control from any public defense of himself, he pours out his heart to his friend in language which sets his patriotism in a new and most convincing light. He says that when he entered Lincoln's Cabinet he was, as he had been before, the warm friend of McClellan, and that to assist him was his chief inducement to accept the office tendered him by the President. His confidence in him was impaired only by the slowness of his movements and his neglect to obey the positive commands of his Commander-in-chief—commands dictated by a most anxious desire to save the Government from bankruptcy and overthrow. He gives dates and facts that leave no room for doubt that McClellan disregarded the strict orders of the President, and broke his own promise, in leaving Washington exposed to easy capture when at length he made his movement towards Richmond. The questions at issue were referred by the President to Major-general Hitchcock and Adjutant-general Thomas for their judgment, and they decided that McClellan had not obeyed the President's orders, and that the force left for the defense of Washington was insufficient. Other military authorities were also consulted, and they all agreed that the Capital was not safe.

Up to this moment there had never been a shadow of difference between Secretary Stanton and General McClellan; but now the former, by written command of the President, was required to interfere. "I believe," says the Secretary, in his letter, "that Washington would this day be in the hands of the rebels" but for the President's interference. Stanton insists that he could have had no political motive for what he did under the President's direction. "I thought," he pathetically says, "I might help to save the country, and for that I was willing to perish. In a struggle like this, justice or

credit to individuals is but dust in the balance. I have employed the whole power of the Government unsparingly to support General McClellan's operations, and I have not interfered with or thwarted them in any particular. The force retained from his expedition was not needed and would not have been employed by him, and it was retained by express orders of the President, upon military investigation and upon the best military advice in the country."

The letter, of which we have given only a very inadequate summary, is an important addition to history, and a complete vindication of the writer against calumnies which have misled many excellent and well-meaning citizens.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

THE Belfast riots of last week, originating in a brutal hatred of Roman Catholics, show conclusively how utterly unworthy some of the so-called Loyalists of Ulster are of the sympathy which Messrs. Churchill and Chamberlain have invoked in their behalf. For a time the entire City of Belfast was under the control of an ungovernable and drunken mob, who "wrecked one hundred houses," sacked taverns, set fire to stores, and, like so many demons, fought the police. "All the barrels of liquor found in stock were carried into the street, lifted up high and let fall until they broke and liberated their contents. All the furniture was carried out, piled in the centre of the roadway, and burned in a bonfire to furnish the rioters with light during their debauch. Men, boys and girls drank until they fell helpless in the gutter, the girls acting with greater fury during the earlier stage of the orgy than the men." Finally it was found necessary to send detachments of troops to the scene, and even then, although buckshot was fired into the mob, and many were killed and wounded, order was scarcely restored. Of course, the Ulster Loyalists, as a body, cannot be held responsible for these outrages, which are the work of the rash leaders of the Orange lodges, but they cannot altogether escape censure in the matter. They have tolerated incendiary appeals and encouraged a disregard of law which could have no other logical outcome than a resort to violence, and for this they must be condemned. Nothing is now more certain than that, if the murderous excesses shall not be speedily arrested, the cause of Home Rule, whose supporters remain calm under defeat, will be strengthened among all right-thinking voters of the United Kingdom.

BETTER BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

WITHIN a short time the outlook for the business interests of the country has become much more hopeful. The crops promise to be large, despite the recent reports of drought in the Northwest wheat belt and in the cotton section of Texas. The yield of corn is expected to be unusually satisfactory, and the wheat crop will be harvested at an earlier date than last year. The railroad companies will be actively engaged in transportation, and will give employment to thousands who are now idle. The cotton manufacturers are more than ordinarily busy. Enough new railroads are projected to add materially to the number of employed persons, and these enterprises alone, it is believed, will distribute at least fifty millions of dollars throughout the country, the expenditure of course being for labor and supplies. The steel-rail industry as well as the iron trade will be more or less benefited.

For some time during the earlier part of the year prices for all kinds of merchandise were very low in this country. The price of wheat, for example, ran far below the cost of production and it is even now, it is stated, being sold at a price which is equal to a return of only \$6.50 an acre, whereas the average cost is declared to be \$8. Cotton was depressed to unheard-of figures, and other staples were sold at much lower prices than they were intrinsically worth. Among these may be mentioned petroleum, which, by reason of fears concerning the probable production of the Washington field in Pennsylvania, and also owing, at times, to some apprehensions of competition from Russia, fell to a very low point. But all this is gradually being changed. Foreign houses that steadily depressed the price of grain in this country, and thus greatly reduced the purchasing power of our agricultural community, have met with a sharp check. It has become a case of Greek meeting Greek, and New York and Chicago speculators have for once done the country some service in checking the needless depression of values. The grain exporters here are said to be "short" of from fifteen to twenty million bushels of wheat, and a clique of American speculators has been organized to advance the price to the foreigners who have sold what they did not possess in order to force the American farmer to part with his wheat for less than it was worth. The price of cotton is likely to be higher before the close of the year.

The days of high prices in this country, however, are past. The competition, for example, in the grain industry from India, Australia and Russia, will keep the price of food comparatively cheap, and the same influence, that of increased competition, is at work in a hundred other channels of industry. Among the civilized populations of the globe trade is becoming, so to speak, a republic, where formerly, by reason of greater or less exclusiveness, it might be roughly compared to a monarchy.

The stock market shows signs of new life. The "cutting" of rates has become comparatively unimportant; the labor troubles seem practically settled; bountiful harvests are promised; money is plentiful, and likely to become more and more so; the gold exports are not too large, as it was at one time feared they would be. There are indications that we shall be able to settle any foreign balance with grain instead of gold. We have, in other words, passed through a long night of business depression, but now the day seems to be at hand.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

KING LUDWIG II., whose romantic and extravagant freaks have furnished material for so much gossip and story during the past twenty years, is no longer ruler of Bavaria. His insanity having reached a stage little short of violence, the dynastic crisis has been brought to a culmination by his uncle, Prince Luitpold, who, on June 10th, issued a proclamation, countersigned by the Ministry, assuming the Regency and chief command of the Army, and summoning the Bavarian Diet to meet on the 15th inst. To induce the mad King to abdicate proves to be a more difficult matter. Count Holstein, who was appointed to wait upon him and obtain his signature to the Ministerial decree, was summarily locked up by His Majesty's gendarmes in the Castle of Hohenschwangau, requiring the issue

of an order by the Regent to surrender that stronghold and release the captive official. King Ludwig is forty years old, and has been on the Bavarian throne since 1864. His brother, Prince Otto, born in 1848, is also insane, and therefore incapacitated for the regency. Prince Luitpold is sixty-five years old, a soldier, and a traveler. The King made him President of the Council of State soon after his accession. There will probably be no change in the Ministry as a result of the dethronement of King Ludwig.

The latter-day representatives of the French nobility gave a curious but entertaining exhibition of their taste for horsemanship and feats of bodily skill—doubtless a heritage from knightly ancestors—in a brilliant amateur circus performance, organized by the Duchesse d'Uzès, at the Nouveau Cirque, in Paris, last week. It was a genuine circus, and, of course, benefited some convenient charity. Princely athletes in silk tights disported themselves on horseback and horizontal bars; and clowns of noble lineage brought broad grins to the aristocratic features of the royal highnesses, *grandes mondaines*, and lesser lights of the noblesse, who crowded the *fauteuils* around the arena. M. Molliér, a celebrated rider, and Mlle. Viola, *première danseuse* of the Opéra, helped out the performance, which was pronounced superior to a professional one. Perhaps the French noblemen, having seen M. Audran's charming burlesque opera of "The Mascotte," have taken a hint from the unfortunate *Prince of Piombino*, and in view of the threatened expulsion of the Orléanist Princes, are preparing to turn their talents to practical account in case of necessity. Mr. Barnum ought to keep an eye in that direction.

Madame Adelina Patti's formal marriage to the husband of her choice, Signor Nicolini, was celebrated at her Welsh home, last week, by picturesque festivities. There was a civil marriage before the French Vice-consul at Swansea on the 9th inst. Madame Patti desiring to have her marriage sanctified, the second ceremony had to be performed at a Protestant church; for, though both bride and bridegroom had been legally divorced from their other ties, the Catholic Church does not recognize divorce. Accordingly, the ceremony was performed in the parish church at Ystradgynlais, about seven miles from Craig-y-Nos. The town was gayly decorated, and the population of the valley turned out in holiday attire to celebrate the wedding of the popular Queen of Song—"Queen of Wales," they call her. M. Magnard, the editor of the *Paris Figaro*, gave away the bride, and Herr Ganz, the operatic conductor, acted as groomsmen. There were no bridesmaids. Patti wore an exquisite dress—without train—of pale-blue silk, smothered in point d'Angleterre, forming a cape and fitting close to a short skirt below; mousquetaire gloves of fawn color, and a pale-blue bonnet trimmed with white heather and narcissus. Little girls strewed flowers, choirs and bands made a noise intended to be joyful, and local bards produced jaw-breaking odes in honor of the occasion. The wedding breakfast, at which many distinguished guests were present, was given at Craig-y-Nos, where 900 children were treated to tea and cake. There was a rich display of wedding presents, some of which came all the way from America. Of course the bride sang; she also, in accordance with the merry French custom, submitted to be kissed all around, and presented every guest with a piece of her garter as a souvenir of the wedding. In the evening the warm-hearted country folk in the valley and on the hillsides were delighted with a display of fireworks on the Rock of Night—this being the name in English of the *diad*'s romantic "Craig." The whole affair was delightfully picturesque, and no one can begrudge the peerless songstress the wish of a happy honeymoon.

In his speech on the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Parnell charged that the Conservative Party secured Irish support by promising through a Cabinet Minister to introduce a Home Rule Bill, including the right of Ireland to levy a protective tariff. To this Lord Carnarvon replied, in the House of Lords, acknowledging himself to be the Minister alluded to, but declaring that he held the conversation with Mr. Parnell at the latter's request, and that the conversation was not in any sense official. He repudiated the statement that he acted in the capacity of a member of the Government. Mr. Parnell, in a published letter, denies that he asked for a conversation with Lord Carnarvon; says that the meeting was at the latter's suggestion, and was had at Lord Carnarvon's own house, because Mr. Parnell would not consent to go to the house of a third person. He declares that Lord Carnarvon was in substantial agreement with him on the question of Irish Home Rule and on the question of protection for certain Irish industries against the competition of England; that the members of Lord Salisbury's Government tacitly accepted these principles, and then repudiated the agreement by which they had gained Irish support. Mr. Justin McCarthy confirms Mr. Parnell's statement as to the interview and the statements made by Lord Carnarvon.

THE attack of Mr. Randall and others on the Civil Service Law seems likely to fail of success. Their proposal is briefly that the pay of the Civil Service Board shall be stopped until they so revise their rules that they shall no longer require appointments to be made from the four highest names on the list of applicants certified to be competent by the Commission, and that the President shall be at liberty to appoint to clerkships persons over forty-five years of age when appointed—whereas by the present rules only Union veterans over that age can be appointed. Of course the real object is to cripple the reform system in the interest of the spoilsmen. It is greatly to Mr. Morrison's credit that he has stoutly resisted the attack, and that its defeat will be largely due to his efforts.

THE anti-Edmunds movement in Vermont appears to have collapsed, and the Senator's re-election is no longer considered doubtful. One of the signs of the times is a protest by many subscribers to the *St. Albans Messenger* against that journal's attacks upon Senator Edmunds. These subscribers say that even if Mr. Edmunds did not actively support Mr. Blaine in 1884, it should be recognized that he "carries his sovereignty under his own hat," and has a right to his opinions. Similar examples of resentment at what is construed as an attempt to punish Mr. Edmunds for not supporting Mr. Blaine's Presidential candidacy are common in the State. Vermonters have clearly made up their minds that they cannot afford to lose the services of the man whose ability and great intellectual power have been a source of such pride and satisfaction to his countrymen.

AND NOW comes Chicago, with a revelation of corruption in its city council which fairly matches the disclosures as to the "boodle" Aldermen of New York. The story is that the sum of \$127,000 was recently paid to twenty Councilmen for the passage of an ordinance authorizing a city railway company to change its lines to the cable system, the price paid for votes ranging from \$1,500 to \$10,000 each; and, by way of giving additional spice to the narrative, it is added that the president of the company securing the franchise was formerly a convict in a Pennsylvania prison, to which he was sentenced for embezzlement. It is evident that

Chicago is determined not to permit New York to distance her in the race for eminence in municipal extravagance and corruption. But what an emphasis these revelations give to the demand for a thorough and genuine reform in the government of all our larger cities!

COLUMBIA'S experiment of providing examinations for women who pursue the studies of the college at home, and rewarding them with "certificates," has succeeded, as we recently pointed out. This success has induced the Trustees to carry the experiment a step further. It has now been voted by the Trustees that students in the college course for women shall be entitled, on completing the full course of four years, and after passing an examination by the Faculty, to receive a degree of Bachelor of Arts. This is a much more liberal recognition than that implied in the bestowal of "certificates"; in fact, it at last places women on an equality with men at Columbia, and is, therefore, of great significance. Women are not to be admitted to the class-rooms; and as to the advisability of co-education in this sense, there will always be some question. But they are not only to pursue the same studies as men, and to be examined in the same way by the same instructors, but they are also to receive precisely the same degree as that given to the male students. An interesting feature of the recent Commencement was the bestowal of the degree of Ph.D. upon Miss Winifred Haring Edgerton, the first degree ever given a woman by Columbia. Miss Edgerton was graduated from Wellesley in 1883, and has since pursued mathematical and astronomical studies at Columbia.

MR. STEPHEN B. ELKINS, widely known as one of the most active managers of Mr. Blaine's canvass for the Presidency, is a gentleman as well as a politician, and never forgets the "small, sweet courtesies" which do so much to brighten life. Being criticised by some violent partisans for the civilities shown by him to the President at Deer Park, where he has his Summer home, Mr. Elkins made this response, which, while it reveals his superiority to the petty animosities of politics, also affords a glimpse of the peculiar troubles which sometimes mark the domestic relations of the active politician:

"The amenities of life must be considered, and differences of political faith should not interfere with social relations. Were it otherwise, I am afraid there would be little peace in my family, for my father, who is now seventy-six, was a rank rebel, and has prayed for years that he might live to see a Democrat in the White House. He is coming to Washington, at Mr. Cleveland's request, to shake hands with him. My father-in-law is a Democrat, and so is one of my brothers; and, for that matter, my four little boys are equally divided between the two parties; and I can tell you it was a dismal time when the election was in doubt to go home evenings and find two of my youngsters standing on the front stoop hurrahing for Cleveland."

HERE is another chance for the army of patriots who have failed as yet to secure any recognition at the hands of the Administration. Mr. Winston, who went to Persia as Minister of the United States, and who was received with open arms, finds that the position is by no means what he imagined it to be, and has sent in his resignation, which has been promptly accepted. One account says that Mr. Winston is disgusted with the Persian people and his surroundings generally; another declares that he is heartsick, having left behind him here the girl he wanted to marry, and desires to come home and renew the suit which was suspended with his departure for Teheran. Whatever may be the truth as to the cause of his resignation, the undisputed fact is that his place is vacant and will shortly have to be filled. Of course, it does not follow that it is not a desirable one merely because Mr. Winston chooses to consider it so; coming from Chicago, he is naturally a man of fastidious tastes. But the ordinary office-seeker is not afflicted with that particular complaint, and we take it for granted, therefore, that any one of a million good and loyal Democrats will be quite content to sacrifice himself in the country's service at the far Persian capital. Secretary Bayard is to be felicitated upon this fresh opportunity to illustrate his peculiar talent as a maker of ambassadors!

ON both sides of the ocean yachts are "trying on their racing spurs" in preparation for the contest for the *America's* cup. The representative English yacht, the *Galatea*, has been pronounced by some experts a better boat than the *Genesta*; but to observers on this side it does not appear that the *Galatea* has proved her superiority over other boats. Last year she was defeated by the *Irex* and *Marjorie*. This year, despite her improvements, she was beaten by the *Irex* at Harwich, after losing the preceding race by an accident. The race was close, but if it is conceded that the *Irex* cannot win the cup, the *Galatea's* chances seem very poor. It is interesting to know that the *Irex* and *Genesta* are to sail for the cups won here by the former last year. If the *Genesta* wins, it will be another triumph for Mr. Burgess, designer of the *Puritan*, who will naturally argue that, since his boat beat the *Genesta*, it could easily beat the *Irex*, which some Englishmen regard as invincible. On this side of the water, Boston is about to send to our local regattas the victorious *Puritan*, the sloop *Thetis*, the schooner *Gutana*, and possibly the new yacht *Mayflower*, built to surpass the *Puritan*. In New York, in addition to older boats, we have the altered *Priscilla* and the entirely new yacht *Atlantic*, which is expected to bring the championship to this city. A trial of conclusions between these fast boats will be awaited with lively interest.

ANOTHER case of boycotting a post-office is reported, this time in Wayne, Erie County, Pa. The former postmistress in this little village, Mrs. Mary Bullard, was replaced under the present Administration by Mrs. Martha Preston, although, as women have no votes in Pennsylvania, the question of politics does not seem important. Thereupon the Republicans of Wayne proceeded to boycott the local post-office, and hired a man to carry the mail to Elginborough, ten miles away. This does not affect the Government, but it does make a serious difference with Mrs. Preston, whose compensation depends upon the amount of receipts at her office. In other words, these people are trying to starve out a woman—a woman whose title to her office is unquestioned—and to reach this noble end, they are paying money out of their own pockets. This is a curious illustration of the petty meannesses of thought and action bred of life in small communities. It also suggests the danger of keeping a party so long in power that its members conceive that they own the land and the fates thereof, and monopolize all Government pay. These same gallant Republicans would have been the first to demand that a Democratic postmaster or mistress should be promptly turned out to make way for a Republican. The ideas engendered by the spoils system die hard, but the contemptible boycotters of Wayne have shown themselves offensive partisans of the meanest kind. Their first duty is to recognize the authority of the National Government whatever may be its politics.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 278



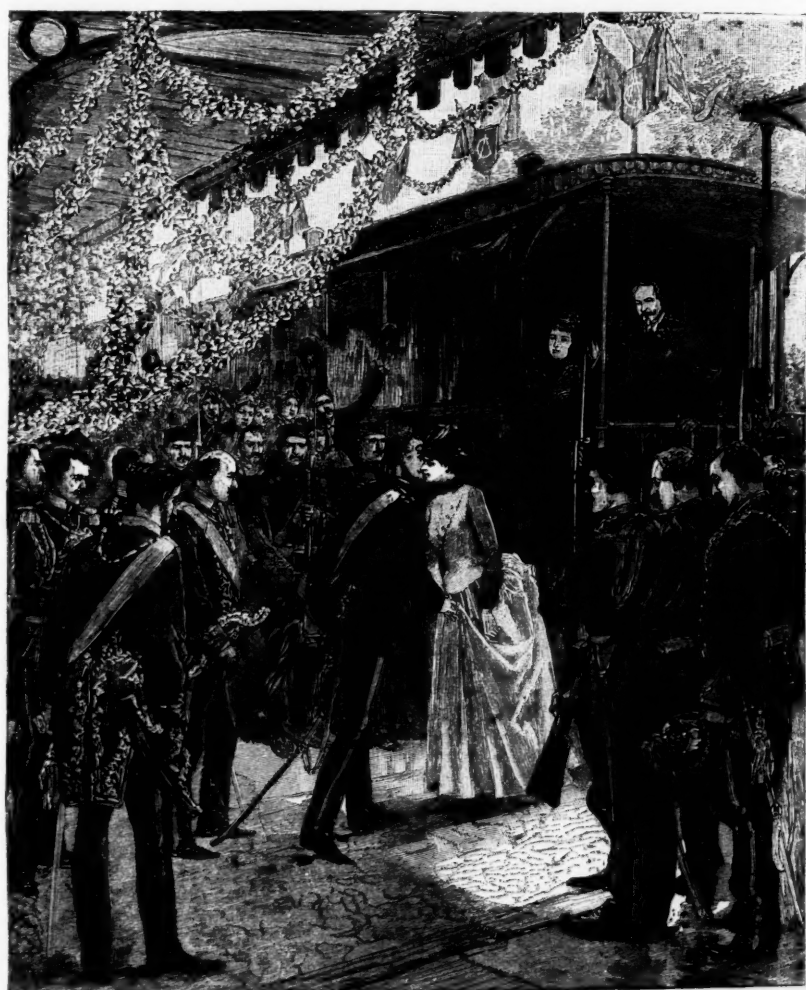
GREECE.—THE RECENT WAR EXCITEMENT IN ATHENS—"THEY HAVE BLOCKADED US!"



GREAT BRITAIN.—MR. REGINALD PALGRAVE, NEW CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

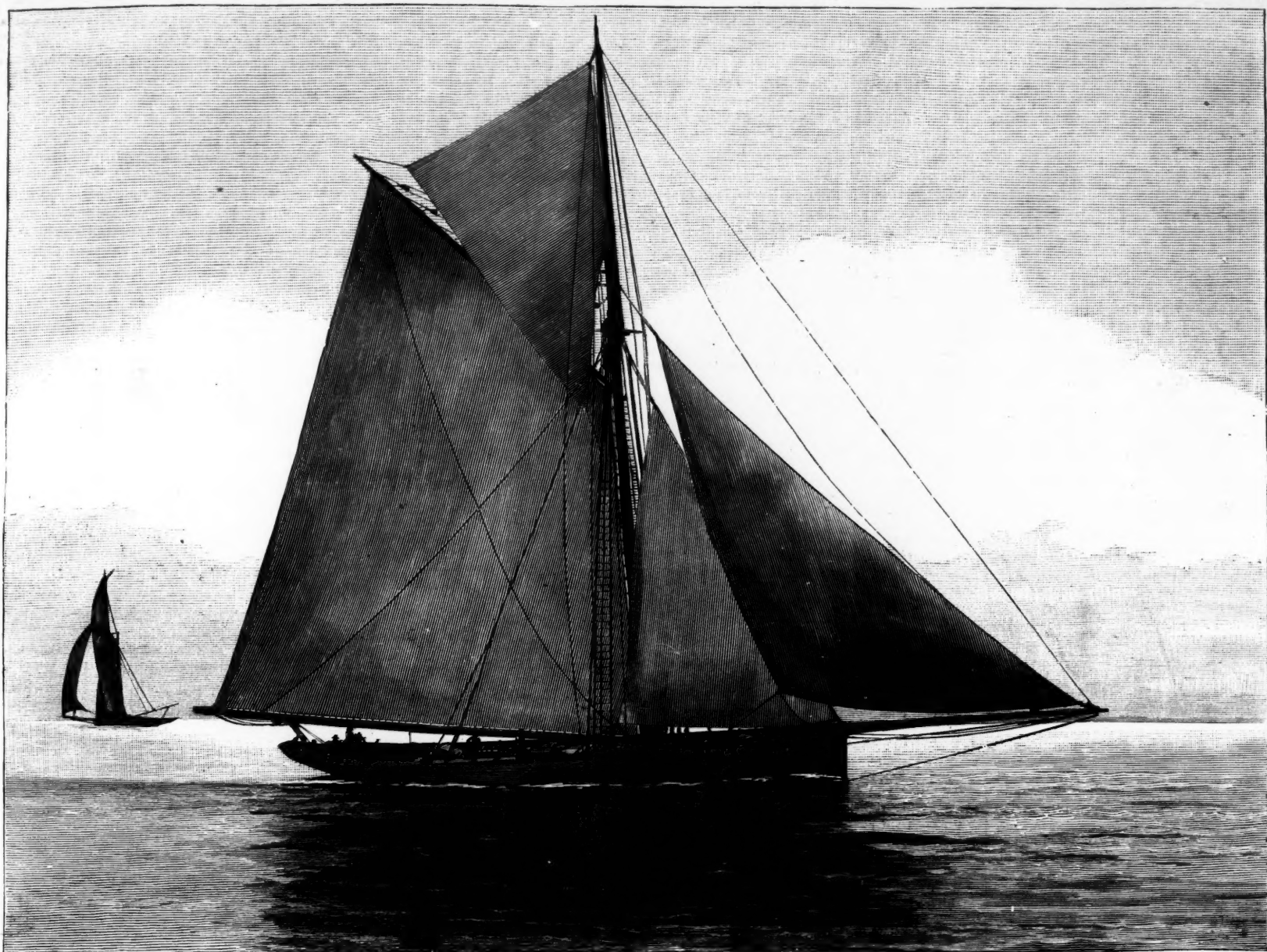


RUSSIA.—MONUMENT OF THE POET IVAN NIKITIN AT VARONEJE.

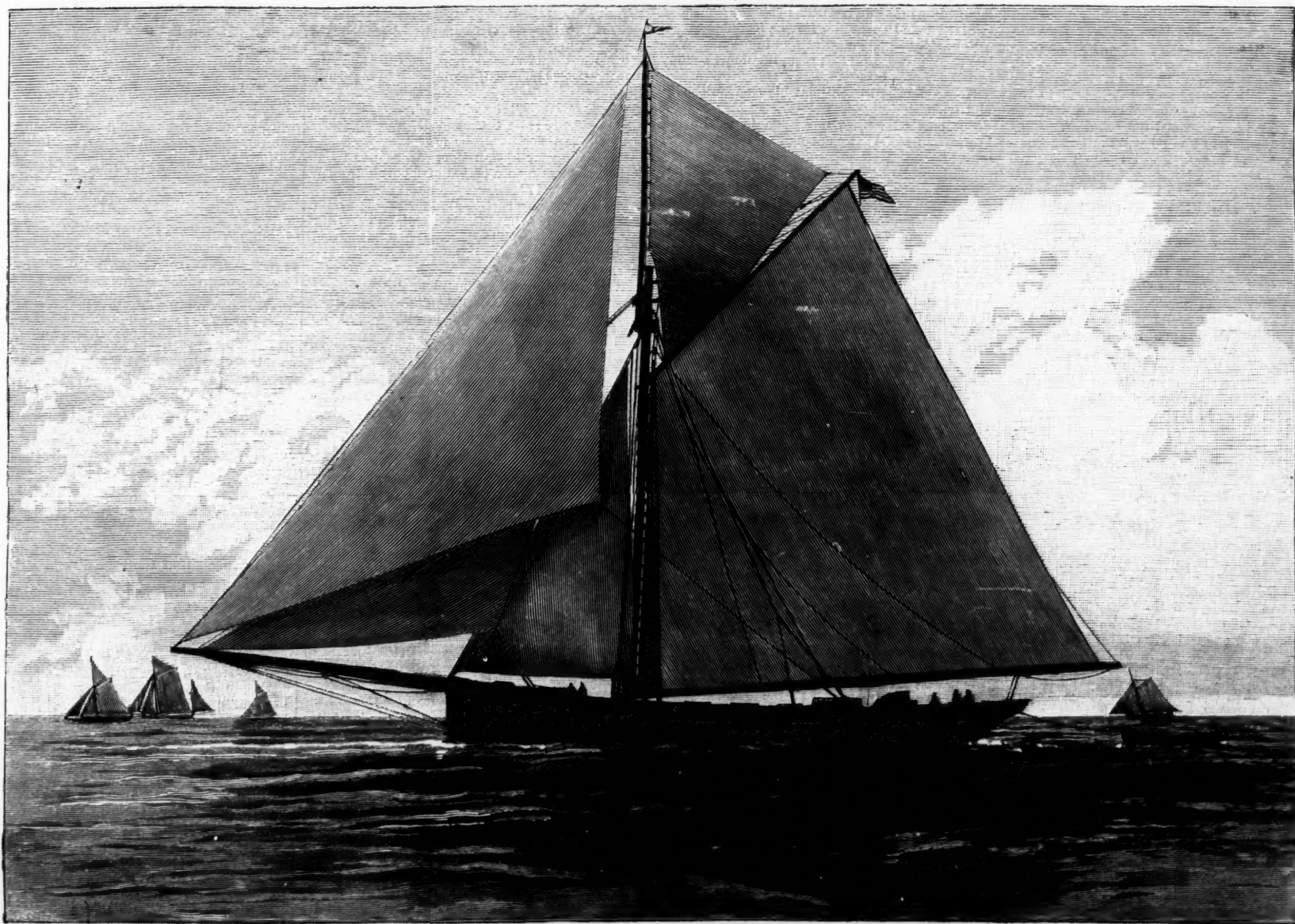


PORTUGAL.—MEETING OF THE PRINCE ROYAL AND THE PRINCESS AMÉLIE OF ORLEANS AT PAMFILHOSA.





THE BOSTON YACHT "MAYFLOWER."



THE NEW YORK YACHT "ATLANTIC."

THE REGATTAS OF THE ATLANTIC AND NEW YORK YACHT CLUBS, JUNE 15TH-17TH.
SEE PAGE 279.

DRIFTING.

DOWN the stream
I drift and dream,
And all my workday troubles seem
To slip away
Like leaves that play
Upon the sun-kissed waves to-day.

I hear a bird
Whose heart is stirred
With joy too sweet for any word,
As by his nest
He sings of rest,
While drops the sun adown the west.

I hear the breeze
Among the trees,
Like murmurings of far-off seas,
Low, low, and sweet,
As 'neath my feet
I hear the river's pulses beat,

While fancies, caught
In webs of thought,
Come, like life's dearest joys, unsought,
To haunt my brain
Like some refrain,
Or music of th' unnoticed rain.

Drift with me, friend,
And comprehend
What peace the quiet hour can lend;
No strife is here,
Nor hint of tear,
The world far off, and heaven so near!

Was that the breeze,
Among the trees?
Or did some siren of the seas
Sing somewhere near,
In waters clear,
A song whose spell I feel and hear?

My senses swim;
The world grows dim;
I drift towards the earth's far rim
And in a dream
Of rest, I seem
A leaf afloat upon the stream.

EREN E. REXFORD.

"BAXTER'S SAINT'S REST."

BY ANNABEL B. WHITE.

THE band was playing gayly. The gaudily striped awnings fluttered languidly, and the sails of the boats flapped idly in the faint breeze that rustled across the waves. Crowds of idle pleasure-seekers sauntered to and fro across the snowy sands of the beach of Naid, a famous seaside resort.

A gentleman moodily contemplated the various phases of human life drifting before him. He caught himself smiling at the gambols of a fairy-looking boy, with long curls, who galloped or trotted or sedately walked by the side of a young lady. Then the lady attracted him next. She had walked past him several times, and his gaze became severer each time. She was slenderly but compactly formed; just tall enough for grace and to escape being called "dumpy." Her hair was lustrous brown—so were her eyes, and her complexion fair beyond compare. When in repose, there was an air of sadness, like a veil, over her features; but when she smiled or talked to the little boy, her face became animated, and her flitting expression charmed the beholder.

"I should like to know her," muttered Stanhope Baxter, at last. "I will try to find some one to introduce me."

He troubled himself so much as to follow her to her hotel. It was the same at which he was booked.

There was a hop that night. He caught a glimpse of the brown-eyed lady, languidly dancing with a friend of his. His heart beat a little faster for the sight.

"Fool that I am!" he sneered. "I, who have weighed women and found them wanting—I, to become interested in one for the hundredth time!"

But irresistibly he was drawn to his friend as he saw him piloting the lady to a seat. A hand on his shoulder caused the friend to glance around. Stanhope Baxter's gray eyes were on a level with his own.

"Will you introduce me?" he breathed. "Mrs. Creer, allow me—my friend, Stanhope Baxter."

Mrs. Creer raised her eyes, then gave him a little gracious bow.

"Are you fond of dancing?" he asked, for his friend had discreetly withdrawn.

"Not very," she answered, in a voice peculiarly rich and sweet, with a thread of pathos running through its sweetness.

"If you are not too tired, may I ask you to promenade? I detest dancing."

"Thank you; but—I am a little fatigued."

Then he sat down near her.

How lovely she was!

Stanhope Baxter slandered himself when he said he was easily interested in women. Years ago a girl whom he loved with youthful ardor had jilted him for a richer lover. The blow had been severe and deep, destroying his faith, and he had walked the earth since then one of its inhabitants, but apart from them, a lonely, brooding man. To-day, this woman had unconsciously stirred him to the depths. Why, he could not explain, for he had traveled in many lands, and seen the beauties of all nations. But this woman, with her air of faintly veiled sadness, and her pathetic voice, seemed destined to absorb his soul.

They met daily, and almost always the fairy boy was with her. She seemed passionately fond of him. He was surprised one day when the little fellow called her "auntie."

"Why does he call you that?" Stanhope asked. "Because I am his aunt. He is the only child of my only sister. She and her husband died of yellow fever in Savannah. The child was sent to

me. I never had any children of my own, so that he has become very dear to me."

"And yet you do not impress one as being an affectionate woman."

She looked away from him. For a moment he saw a pitiful quivering of her lips as her lovely profile was turned to him, then her mouth grew firmer.

"Once I thought I was, but now I think you are right. It seems to me that I have lost all womanly softness," she explained, the natural pathos of her voice deepening.

"Forgive me. I did not mean to wound you," he said, moving a little nearer to her, in his sympathy.

"You have not wounded me, for you have only told me what many others have. A thrice-told tale grows wearisome in time, but fails to wound."

She smiled, and the whole expression of her face changed. The greatest charm of a woman's face was hers—the charm of expression.

Quietly this man watched and studied her. Clearly she had suffered; but suffering had not soured her nature. It had made her sympathies keener, her pity holier, and her forgiveness of divine breadth.

And so the golden weeks at the seashore glided by uncounted by these two, with the difference that while she was unconscious of loving him, he had come to regard her as a part of himself, one day to be his wife.

Life seemed new to him. Earth, sky and sea were radiant with a new light, and he felt as if intoxicated with strong wine.

One day they sat idly under the awning of a sailboat, fastened to the beach. A red parasol threw its beautiful reflected flame over her fair face, while a book was carelessly clasped in one hand. She was reclining indolently on the cushions, while he sat slightly apart, but noting her every turn and gesture. Macy, her nephew, was scrambling in the sand near them, heedless of all else except himself and his tiny pleasures. Suddenly Stanhope moved nearer and took one of her languid hands resolutely.

She looked up with an air of startled surprise. "Doris, I love you. I want you for my wife."

With a shuddering cry she drew her hand away, and rose, trembling so that the boat gave answering tremors.

"Mr. Baxter, oh, do you not know?" she wailed. "What?" and he, too, stood up, once more grasping her tightly clasped hands.

"That I am already a wife!"

"My God! Doris, you have killed me!"

Without another word he leaped from the boat and strode away.

With dry, hot eyes she watched him. Who was to blame? He had thought her a widow? Had she deceived him?

Not intentionally. Her husband was so notoriously untrue to her, that she had separated herself from him, but could not bear the thought of divorce. Occasionally he visited her, but always she denied his authority as a husband. She had her own fortune and her little nephew. She loved the latter, and spent the former in doing good.

Now, there came an awful void in her life. Too late she realized what this man, Stanhope Baxter, had become to her.

How could she live without his companionship and friendship?

But man's laws are not made to fit human hearts, and social laws are more rigid than legal ones.

She knew he would never seek her again; but, all the same, a sense of cruel unrest drove her away from the seaside where she had unthinkingly drifted into something like peace and happiness.

Stanhope was furiously strapping his portmanteau when his friend, Lee Manly, came into the room. He it was who had so fatally brought them together.

"Where away, Baxter?" he cried, amazed at Stanhope's evident and feverish haste.

"God knows—I don't!"

"Why, is it so bad as that?"

Stanhope wheeled on him imperiously, "You are to blame for it all! Why did you not tell me she was married?"

"Who?" cried his friend, aghast.

"Mrs. Creer."

"But I thought you knew her story. I'll never forgive myself if you are unhappy after this."

"Unhappy! That does not express it. Life will be a living hell! It has murdered my faith in all things! It has destroyed youth, hope and joy for ever! Good-by!" and he was gone as if a thousand demons spurred him on.

And they did. He traveled, he gambled; he lived fast and furiously; but—he could not forget! At the end of a year he drew rein to his hitherto uncurbed passions.

"What good does it all do? Night and day she is with me; in my dreams she is close to my heart; waking, I feel her presence near me. I will go to her!"

But first he put himself on probation. For three months he devoted himself to his moral and physical cure. He lived purely and uprightly. He did many deeds of charity.

"Now I will go to her!"

He did. The next steamer saw him en route for America. He sought Lee Manly.

"Tell me where she lives?"

Lee gazed curiously into his friend's high-bred face.

"I must not."

"You shall!"

"What good will it do?"

"Much—to me; perhaps also to her."

"She lives in Charleston; but for Heaven's sake, man, make no scandal. Her name has always been unsullied."

"And it shall remain so if it depends on me."

He was gone. He went straight to her home.

He would not send in his card, lest she should refuse to see him, but told the servant to say "an old friend from Europe wished to see her for a few moments."

She came down to him at once.

He strode to her side, and almost fiercely threw his arms about her, straining her hard to his heart, which seemed strangling with its quick, suffocating beats.

"My darling, I am mad; but I must see you."

She looked at him piteously, struggling in his embrace.

"Mr. Baxter—" she faltered.

"Do not struggle—I shall not let you go, and I shall not stay long. Be kind to me for a little while."

She fell to weeping bitterly.

"Are you unhappy, too?" he asked, tenderly stroking her soft hair away from her hot, throbbing temples. But she answered never a word.

"Darling, I shall end all this. You must get a divorce."

"No, no!"

"But you shall," masterfully. "Shall two lives be sacrificed—yours and mine—for mere sentiment? Choose where you will live, for I go now to build us a home. I shall call it 'Baxter's Saint's Rest.' You will be the Saint, and it will be my Rest. Choose now: North, South, East, West?"

"I cannot!" She had ceased to struggle, and looked bravely into his face with the tears yet hanging to her long lashes.

"Then I shall. We are both Southerners, and our home shall be in the South. Perhaps I had better go now; but may I write to you?"

"What good will it do? No, do not write."

"But I shall."

Kissing her repeatedly, he left her. She sank down with a moan:

"Now I must go away where he cannot find me."

She left Charleston at once.

Stanhope traveled until he had found what he thought the most beautiful site in the South. Here he erected a noble mansion. The lodges bore the legend: "Baxter's Saint's Rest."

Whereat the neighbors wondered, but no one could guess why the place bore so curious a title.

In six months it was completed and furnished, so potent is the agency of money. He had written repeatedly to Doris, but his letters were fruitless.

Now he sought her personally, but was met with the intelligence that no one knew her address.

"She is cruel, cruel!" he exclaims, frenziedly.

"She, my saint!"

But it gave a new impetus to his life to seek her. He went North, East, West, South. Once, on the Union Pacific Railroad, there was an accident. One man was killed. By the aid of numerous letters and business cards in his pockets, and by the evidence of a handsome woman who was traveling with him, he was easily identified.

"Drewry Creer! He is dead, and my darling is free at last!"

The news reached Doris in due time. Then she returned to Charleston and waited tremulously. He found her there.

"Darling, are you ready now to go to 'Baxter's Saint's Rest'?" he asked, folding her in his arms, closely.

"In a few days," she whispered.

"To-morrow!" he commanded.

"But the indecency," she urged.

"Is all in your imagination. Are you to feign for a worthless man a period of mourning which you do not feel?"

"But my self-respect—"

"Nonsense! What have you and I to do with the world and its opinions? You shall be married as quietly as you please, but the marriage shall be to-morrow."

It was done as he said, and they immediately went to their beautiful home, "Baxter's Saint's Rest," which, as the years passed, proved no misnomer.

"While building this house, I partly forgot my desperate unhappiness in being separated from you, for I knew it would bring us together," he told her, as he bade her "welcome home."

"Thank God for 'Baxter's Saint's Rest' at last!" she whispered, reverently.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE WAR EXCITEMENT IN ATHENS.

The recent war feeling in Greece appears to have pervaded all parts of the country, but the excitement was especially intense in Athens.

When it was announced that the Powers had blockaded the ports the people became wild with indignation. Crowds of them paraded the streets, crying, "They have blockaded us!" and breathing threats of vengeance, while here and there indignant orators declaimed boisterously to excited groups. Our picture gives a characteristic street scene during the prevalence of the war *furor*.

THE NEW CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Reginald Palgrave, the new Clerk of the British House of Commons, is the fourth son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave, author of the "Rise and Progress of the English Constitution," and was born June 28th, 1829. In 1853 Mr. Palgrave was placed in the Committee Office of the House of Commons, and was successively appointed Examiner of Petitions for Private Bills to both Houses of Parliament, the Second Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons, and the Clerk Assistant.

In April last Mr. Gladstone submitted his name to the Queen for appointment to the Clerkship of the House, upon the retirement of Sir T. Erskine May. Mr. Palgrave published in 1869 "The House of Commons: Illustrations of its History and Practice"; and in 1877, "The Chairman's Handbook."

MONUMENT TO THE POET NIKITIN.

While preparing for a war against Turkey, Peter the Great resided for several years in the City of Varoneje, where he was building vessels-of-war.

There he erected a substantial house, an arsenal, which stands to this day. Recently that city has celebrated the 300th anniversary of its foundation. Varoneje has many interesting points. In a public square there stands a monument to Peter the Great, and in a museum there is preserved a state carriage of that great Czar. In a convent lie the holy relics of Bishop Mitrophan, who zealously assisted Peter in his great reforms. In that city are also famous monuments to two national poets, Koltzoff and Nikitin, who were born and lived there. Both of these poets sprang from among the people, and had but little education, but by force of their genius they became known to all of their countrymen. Their songs became national songs, and still form part of the national literature. We give an illustration of the Nikitin monument.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN PORTUGAL.

We give a picture of one of the pretty incidents of the recent marriage of the Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal, to the French Princess Amélie of Orleans. The bride, accompanied by the Count and Countess of Paris, and the entire Orleans family, whose expulsion from France is now threatened, left Paris by special train on the 17th ult., and proceeded to Lisbon by a new route. There was a picturesque salutation by the students of Salamanca, and several other cities honored the passage of the party through the Spanish territory. Arriving at Pamplona, the Portuguese frontier station, on the morning of the 19th ultimo, the Princess Amélie was welcomed by her royal fiancé in person, accompanied by the chief personages of the Portuguese Court, and a battalion of guards. The Princess, dressed in white cashmere and a coquettish Parisian hat, was saluted with a kiss by the royal Duke as she stepped from the train. The station and the town were magnificently decorated. After breakfast, the journey to Lisbon was resumed, and the Portuguese capital was reached at five o'clock in the afternoon. The wedding took place on Saturday, the 22d ultimo, in the Church of San Domingo, Lisbon, in the presence of an immense throng, and the service, which lasted two hours, was performed by the Cardinal-Patriarch. The newly married pair, after driving through the city, took up their residence at the Palace of Belem, but the state festivities lasted until the following Tuesday, when there was a grand review before the King. The French and Portuguese colors were everywhere intertwined, and the bride and the Orleans Princess were enthusiastically fêted by royalty and the populace.

THE NEW LORD PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

The (P. E.) Church of Ireland, at its Synod held on the 11th ult., filled the vacant Archbishopric of Armagh, with the dignity of Lord Primate attached to that See, by the election of the Right Rev. Robert Knox, D.D., who was Bishop of the united Sees of Down, Connor and Dromore. This venerable prelate, now in the seventy-eighth year of his age, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and graduated in the University of Dublin in 1829. He held for some time the Chancellorship of the Diocese of Ardferret, and was a Prebendary of Limerick Cathedral; and in 1849 was appointed Bishop of Down, Connor and Dromore.

THE HOME RULE DIVISION.

The division in the British House of Commons, on Tuesday morning of last week, when the Irish Home Rule Bill was defeated on being brought up for its second reading, was very nearly even, notwithstanding the fact that seven months ago there was not a statesman in England who was avowedly in favor of Home Rule. The Government Bill was defeated by 30 votes. Mr. Gladstone will shortly dissolve Parliament, by will of the Queen. It is expected that the general elections will occupy a month, and that the new House will assemble in the second week of August. In our picture, representing the scene in the lobby during a division, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and other prominent Liberal leaders, will readily be recognized.

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND AT HOME.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S wedding-trip to Deer Park was as brief as it must have been delightful. After five days of rest and seclusion with his bride, interspersed with neighborly calls, drives among the mountains, a fishing-joint or two, and attendance at the village church on Sunday—all of which incidents, together with scores of others that happened or might have happened, have been described at columns' length by newspaper correspondents "on the spot"—he took his departure from the mountains on Tuesday morning of last week. On the evening of the same day he sat down to supper with Mrs. Cleveland at his own table in the White House at Washington.

The 200-mile journey from Deer Park to the capital was made in a special train in less than seven hours. The President had made a secret of the time he intended to depart; but at the last moment the announcement was telegraphed ahead, so that the people along the route had time to make preparations more or less formidable for saluting the distinguished newly married pair. It was arranged that the special should follow the regular train, which left at 12:47, giving the latter ten minutes' headway. President Garrett's car *Baltimore* was reserved exclusively for the use of President and Mrs. Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs. Lamont. In Vice-president Davis's car were the Vice-president, Senator H. G. Davis, Stephen B. Elkins and Superintendent of Telegraph Selden. Senator Davis and Mr. Elkins went only as far as Piedmont, the first station below Deer Park. The little company on the train made up a social party, passing the time merrily between stops. To these latter the President had resigned himself with the utmost good-nature when he found that his little evasive plot had been thwarted.

The first stop was made at the regular Deer Park station, where the small population of the place had gathered to "see them off." They cheered lustily, and crowded about the platform where the President and Mrs. Cleveland stood. Mrs. Cleveland's quick eye caught sight of one woman who had advanced to shake hands, but now shrank timidly back. Hastily coming down two steps of the car, she reached over the heads of those nearest her, and grasped the woman heartily by the hand, giving it a frank, warm shake, which elicited a loud cheer. To the Mayor of the town, who was introduced, the President remarked that he knew how it was himself, having also been a Mayor once upon a time.

At Piedmont, over 1,000 people were on hand, with a brass band. Again the President and his bride stepped out and received their greetings.

Something being said about a local worthy who was to "represent the citizens," the President declared: "But the citizens represent themselves." A little lad, with a frightened but determined face, and holding in his hand a magnificent bouquet of mountain flowers, was raised aloft and passed over the heads of the crowd to where Mrs. Cleveland stood. He gallantly presented the sweet-scented offering, received a smile and a caress in return, and a shake of the President's hand into the bargain. A similar scene took place at Keyser, but in this case it was a little girl who handed the flowers. Ladies pressed around the steps, showering bouquets upon Mrs. Cleveland and chatting sociably and frankly with her and the President, and wishing them all sorts of blessings and good luck. A man standing not far from the car-steps shouted to the President: "I am Sheriff here, Mr. President, but I don't expect to get where you are."

There was another reception at Cumberland; after luncheon, Martinsburg was passed, and speed became an object. Engineer Porter "let himself out," making the twenty miles to Harper's Ferry in nineteen minutes. Then the train went slowly across the bridge, giving the party a good look at John Brown's Fort, and at the crumbling church. Then the train struck a gait of fifty miles an hour, and kept it steadily the rest of the way home.

Washington station was reached at 7:20; and the President, alighting here, gave the ship to a considerable crowd which had awaited him at the Baltimore and Ohio crossing. Carriages were in waiting to hurry the party to the White House, which was reached at 7:35. The wedding-journey was ended.

Everything was in readiness to receive the new mistress of the Executive Mansion. Especial attention had been paid to the North Chamber, finished in pink and pale-blue, which the President and Mrs. Cleveland will occupy. It has been a bachelor's room for more than four years, but General Arthur fixed it up with rare taste, and Mr. Cleveland has kept it just as it was when he came. Large bouquets of flowers were placed upon the mantel, and upon a bracket at the foot of the pier-glass was a bunch of white roses as large as a bushel-basket. Dinner was served at eight o'clock, and the party included Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Mrs. Hoyt, the Rev. W. N. Cleveland and wife, Miss Nelson, and Colonel and Mrs. Lamont. The President, looking hearty and happy, wore on the lapel of his coat a flower from one of the mountain bouquets. Whose fair fingers had pinned it there was easy enough to divine.

YACHTING EVENTS.

THIS is a yachting week. The important events taking place in New York waters and elsewhere indicate a keener general interest in the sport than ever, while the arrangements for coming regattas and cruises are much further advanced than they were last year at this date. The Atlantic Club's races are to be sailed over the regular Club course on Tuesday, June 15th—the day before FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is issued. As we go to press, the expectation is that all of the four candidates for the defense of the America's cup—viz., the *Puritan*, *Atlantic*, *Priscilla* and *Mayflower*—will compete in this race for the special prize offered to stimulate their skippers and crews. The result will be known about the time these lines reach the public.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., the New York Yacht Club's races will occur; and on Saturday, the 19th, those of the Seawanhaka-Corinthians.

The first meeting in an actual race of the four great racing-sloops from amongst which the English *Galatea*'s competitor will be chosen is the great event of the week. We have already a fair idea of what the *Puritan* and the *Priscilla* can do; and the two debutants have already done some sailing calculated to arouse the highest expectations. It will be seen by the annexed table of dimensions that the *Atlantic* is the largest and the *Mayflower* relatively the smallest of the four yachts, all of which are fine vessels, and fast enough to rob the British cutter of her terrors as a hunter for the international "mug":

	Mayfl'r.	Puritan.	Atlantic.	Priscilla.
Length over all.....	100.0 ft.	95.0 ft.	95.0 ft.	94.0 ft.
Length at water-line.....	85.0 ft.	81.1 ft.	83.0 ft.	85.0 ft.
Extreme beam.....	23.5 ft.	22.7 ft.	23.2 ft.	25.5 ft.
Extreme draught.....	9.6 ft.	8.2 ft.	8.8 ft.	7.25 ft.
Area midship sect'n.....	82.0 ft.	82.0 ft.	102.0 ft.	86.5 ft.
Outside ballast.....	37 t'ns	27 t'ns	35 t'ns	None
Inside ballast.....	11 t'ns	13 t'ns	30 t'ns	45 t'ns
Displacement.....	110 t'ns	102.5 t'ns	126 t'ns	114 t'ns

THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

THE beautiful racing-park at Sheepshead Bay was never animated by the presence of a larger or more enthusiastic crowd of spectators than that attracted thither by the great Suburban Handicap race, last Thursday; and the event proved worthy of the extraordinary interest it had excited. In New York and all the great cities east of the Mississippi, the pool-selling was brisk until the horses were actually at the post; while on the grounds the "commission merchants" were fairly mobbed by eager buyers. In racing circles, especially since the Kentucky Derby was run, no event has been so much discussed.

The race was the fourth on the programme. As the twenty horses—amongst which were the favorites, Joe Cotton, Lizzie Dwyer, Ban Fox, Barnum, Favor and Springfield—came up to the post, more than 30,000 people watched them with bated breath. Captain Conner got them off evenly, and they presented a magnificent spectacle. Troubadour, ridden by Fitzpatrick, sprang to the lead in a dozen strides, and kept it to the finish. He came in with a dash, winning by four lengths the easiest Suburban yet run. Richmond disputed second place with Savanac, and won it by a neck. The time was 2:12¼—very good, considering the condition of the track and the ease with which Troubadour won.

The enthusiasm of the spectators passed all bounds. They rushed upon the track by hundreds, shouted themselves hoarse, caressed the handsome brown colt effusively, and nearly pulled the jockey from his seat. Gilmore's band, which had come over from Manhattan Beach to still further enliven the occasion, struck up, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" What, indeed? for the favorites—all Western horses, by the way—made a very poor showing in this race. But Troubadour, however, is a Western horse, and his victory was glory enough for one day. He has won himself a brilliant reputation, besides turning in a small fortune to his owner, Captain Brown, who hails from Pittsburgh.

A GREAT ITALIAN PULPIT ORATOR.

PHENOMENAL oratorical powers are, if the correspondents are to be believed, shown by an Italian priest, Father Agostino of Monte Feltro, whose preaching in Pisa during Lent seems to have created a more powerful impression than has attended the efforts of any other European pulpit orator within many years past. A year ago Father Agostino attracted attention by his brilliant sermons while preaching in Bologna. He not only drew to him and swayed the masses, but demonstrated a surprisingly potent influence over such minds as those of Zilopanti, the pantheistic dreamer; Ceneri, the radical advocate, and Carducci, the poet. The great cathedral was insufficient to hold the audiences that thronged to hear him. Then he was something of a star, but now he has become a planet of the first order.

His preaching in Pisa this year has thrilled all Italy. Train-loads of people came from Florence, Leghorn, Lucca and even more distant points, simply to hear this eloquent Franciscan. Two hours before the time for his sermon each day every available space in the cathedral would be taken, and many persons would find themselves unable even to enter the doors. Merchants abandoned their places of business, lawyers left the courts, professors and students together deserted the university, workmen threw down their tools, doctors neglected their patients, all to hear Father Agostino's sermons.

Among the many thousands thus gathered together, great numbers were persons unaccustomed to find themselves in the house of prayer, and they, to kill time while waiting, would read the pages of rustling periodicals, talk together in low tones, shift their seats uneasily, and murmur and cough. Suddenly, at eleven o'clock, the noise of sabres striking the stone floor would arrest attention and put a stop to the impatient hum of the multitude. Six carabinieri were required to force a way through the throng to enable the Archbishop Capponi to reach his place. Then ensued a profound silence. Father Agostino had appeared in the pulpit, his white hands crossed, as if in prayer, upon the railing, a ray of colored light from a window bringing out in strong relief his pallid face, his thin covering of curly dark hair, and his Caesar-like beard. With head inclined, eyes half closed, and in a low but clear voice, he would state in a few short preparatory phrases the subject of his sermon; then, raising himself erect and looking about upon his vast congregation, in tones clear, penetrating, and forceful, he would begin the swift utterance of a torrent of brilliant sentences, glowing with poetic imagery, powerful with argumentative strength, and thrilling with magnetic earnestness, that never slackened for an instant or halted for lack of a word during the space of a full hour. Then, suddenly, he stops, quickly disappears, effects his exit by a private door, reaches a carriage and is driven rapidly to his abode. Several times he has had to struggle to prevent the enthusiastic populace detaining his carriage to make a triumphal demonstration about him.

Father Agostino has already engaged to deliver the Lenten sermons of 1887 in Florence. If but half of what is said of him is true, he is without doubt the most effective pulpit orator of the Catholic Church of Europe to-day.

IN HONOR OF THE BRIDE.

ONE of the incidents of the sojourn of the President and his bride at Deer Park, Md., was the baptism in honor of Mrs. Cleveland of a babe at the Memorial Chapel, Oakland. The affair is thus described by a correspondent: "The anthem had not ended when Captain and Mrs. Kuykendall, two devout members of the church, advanced up the aisle bearing a blue-eyed baby. The bonnets of the ladies came together all over the chapel, and if they exchanged the confidences about this arrival which the choir exchanged, they thought Grover Cleveland Kuykendall was then and there to be christened; that there was a fair chance of seeing how the President would bear himself in the trying position of standing at the altar as a godfather. Expectation was only whetted when Parson Foulk, on announcing the first hymn, said there was to be a christening, and directed the father and mother to take their places at the altar during the last stanza. Only the choir sang, but the President nodded his head and the bride's fan kept time to the music. The Kuykendalls were at the altar promptly on time. Captain Kuykendall carried the baby, which looked around impartially upon the assembly, paying no more attention to the marriage party than any one else. The captain was not an adept at baby-holding, and the little blue eyes and rosy cheeks, from having been on a level with his head, slid slowly, but with unflinching certainty, down to the level of his shoulders, and before the preacher had finished his explanation of the rite of baptism the little blue eyes were peering from under the valiant father's arm. Then the captain pulled himself together and tossed the baby back to its original level. This proceeding was watched with smiling interest from the Presidential pew. There were smiles and blushes from the bride when the minister christened the baby Frances, and the President's face relaxed into an expression of benevolent amusement that almost convulsed the choir. Part of the congregation looked disappointed that the baby was not named Grover; but when the baby tossed its head to shake off baptismal water, and uttered a vehement cry of satisfaction as the preacher withdrew his hand, the spirit of equanimity was restored."

RECOLLECTIONS OF DE QUINCEY.

SOME very interesting recollections of De Quincey have just been published abroad by Mr. Findlay. De Quincey's slavery to opium is shown by one of Mr. Findlay's anecdotes. "On one occasion," he says, "his foot had been affected by his taking large doses of opium. 'In fact,' he said, 'my leg is quite black from the foot to considerably above the knee.' He treated lightly my expressions of regret at such an alarming appearance, saying that he had had it before, and knew how far it would go, and how it could be got quit of. The best cure, he said, would be to take six months' walking; on which I said that his case was like that of St. Denis: 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.' How was he to begin this regimen? He answered that by his leaving off opium, even for a few days, his leg would so far recover as to enable him to go out; 'but,' he says, 'I cannot do that, for without opium I can't get on with my work, which the publishers are urging me to complete. The work must be done; the opium can't be left off; therefore I cannot begin to walk.'"

De Quincey's dress was peculiar, and far from attractive. His clothes generally looked very old

and as if they had been made for a person larger than himself, the reason being that he grew thinner in his latter years; but still continued to wear the clothes made for him long before. "I have sometimes," says Mr. Findlay, "seen appearances about him of a shirt and shirt-collar, but usually there were no indications of these articles of dress. When I came to visit him in his lodgings, I saw him in all stages of costume; sometimes he would come in to me from his bedroom or parlor, as on this occasion, with shoes but no stockings, and sometimes with stockings but no shoes." Mr. Findlay saw him after his death. "On the simple, uncurtained pallet, whence in that last interview he had smilingly, with all those delicately polite regrets, said good-by, the tiny frame of this great dreamer lay stretched in his last long dreamless sleep. Attenuated to an extreme degree, the body looked infantile in size—a very slender stem for a shapely and massive head that crowned it. The face was little changed; its delicate bloom, indeed, was gone; but the sweet expression lingered, and the finely chiseled features were unaltered."

Mr. Findlay once found his friend in a chaos of books and MSS. and clouds of dust, searching for a missing document; and he adds: "The confusion of this sort in which he lived was marvelous. After his death Mrs. Craig told me that the mass of letters and notes, many unopened, to be gone over, was bewildering. In the heterogeneous heap, too, stray pound notes and packages of small coin in silver and copper were so numerous as, when collected, to form a considerable sum. Some of the notes were between the leaves of books; and parcels of coin had probably been handed to him as change, laid aside and forgotten. The task of looking over lent books and returning them to their owners, as far as these could be discovered, was also a heavy one."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

YELLOW fever is acknowledged to be generally prevalent on the Isthmus of Panama.

A NEW post-office in Ohio has been named Folsom. The wife of the President should be permitted to name the postmaster.

A STEAMSHIP line has been formed to run between New York and the cities of Stettin, Germany, and Gothenburg, Sweden.

THE men and women of Washington Territory vote on the saloon question, under the new law, on the fourth Monday in June.

It has been discovered that there are several thousand cases of contagious ophthalmia among the children in asylums and residential schools in New York city.

A BIG timber raft is being built in Halifax for transportation to New York. It will be 410 feet long, 50 feet wide, 35 feet deep, and will contain 2,250,000 superficial feet.

THE Garfield statue, completed several months ago for the City of Cincinnati, still lies in the Government building there, for lack of funds with which to mount it properly.

SALMON weighing as high as fourteen pounds are being caught in the Hudson. They are the products of the plantings made four years ago by the United States Commission.

THE Medical Department of the University of New York has received a gift of \$100,000. A new hall will be built and named after the senior professor of the Medical School, Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, this being the only condition attached to the gift by the friend, whose name is withheld.

RECENT experiments seem to justify the belief that sponge-raising in the waters of Long Island Sound is likely to become an important industry in the near future. There are at present several varieties of native sponges in the Sound waters, and the frequent finding of them by men who dig for round clams has induced scientific men to plant young sponges from Florida waters off Stratford Point, Conn., where there is a long reef of submerged rocks of a nature suitable for sponge-growing. These transplanted animals have lived and flourished rapidly, growing to the size used in commerce. Their quality is somewhat coarse, but the lower grades are quite as profitable to the dealer as the imported article, as the former are used in much larger quantities.

THE United States Grand Jury at Seattle, Washington Territory, has found indictments against ten leaders of the recent anti-Chinese riots in that city. The Jury's presentment alleges that evidence has been laid before the Grand Jury showing that there exists throughout the country a treasonable organization known as the "Red American International Workmen's Association," having as the main articles of its creed—arson, robbery and murder. Its proclaimed purpose is the overthrow of our Government and the erection upon its ruins of a so-called socialistic commonwealth. The policy pursued by this association is to control all labor organizations, and particularly of the Knights of Labor; to see to it that the officers of all labor organizations are chosen from the scientific socialists; to employ every means to produce discontent among the people; and to stir up on all occasions and at all times as much strife and agitation as possible.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JUNE 5th.—In Tarrytown, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. Pharellus Church, the eminent Baptist preacher and scholar, aged 85 years. JUNE 6th.—In Lancaster, Pa., the Rev. John Williamson Nevins, D.D., LL.D., aged 83 years. JUNE 7th.—In Florence, Italy, Colonel Richard M. Hoe, inventor of the Hoe rotary printing press, etc., aged 74 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Thomas A. Jackson, associate editor of the *Sunday Transcript*; in Elizabeth, N. J., the Rev. Henry R. Wilson, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Church Extension; in Germany, Professor Friedrich Michels, distinguished clerical leader of the Old Catholic movement, aged 71 years. JUNE 8th.—In New York, John Mazzanovich, the well-known theatrical scene-painter, aged 30 years. JUNE 9th.—In New York, Colonel James R. De Kay, aged 49 years; in Jersey City, Mrs. Erminie A. Smith, well-known student of Indian languages and folk-lore, aged 47 years; in Providence, R. I., Mayor Thomas A. Doyle; in New York, Dr. Horace P. Farnham, a well-known physician, aged 64 years. JUNE 10th.—In Fordham, N. Y., Robert Barry Coffin ("Barry Gray"), journalist and writer, aged 60 years; in Montreal, Canada, the Rev. Abbé Augustin, formerly of Ohio, and founder of a hospital in Cleveland, aged 74 years. JUNE 11th.—In Dresden, N. Y., James D. Hancock, ex-Assistant Superintendent of Public Works.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Ohio Democratic State Convention will be held at Toledo on August 18th.

EIGHT persons were burned to death in Chicago, on the 7th inst., in a fire caused by an incendiary.

THE artificial propagation of halibut is to be attempted by the United States Fish Commission.

THE liquor-dealers of Ohio have resolved to resist the collection of the tax imposed by the late Legislature.

A BILL providing for another Assistant Secretary of the Treasury has been introduced in the United States Senate.

A FAMINE prevails in Corea. Five hundred persons have starved in Seoul. It is stated that Corea has not had a good harvest in seven years.

THE rumor is revived that the sale of the Hawaiian Islands to a syndicate of European capitalists for \$10,000,000 is under consideration.

AMERICANS in Paris are much elated over Mr. Vanderbilt's generosity in giving \$60,000 towards the delivery from debt of the Rev. Dr. Morgan's American Church.

AN American engineer, named Twiddle, has been appointed adviser for the development of the petroleum region recently discovered near the Red Sea, in the Soudan.

THE Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath has adopted a Bill abrogating the right of trial by jury for two years in the cases of persons under indictment for anarchy.

MESSRS. GEORGE W. CHILDS and A. J. DREXEL have made a gift of \$10,000 to the International Typographical Union, the sum to be employed in promoting the true interests of printers.

THE cost of the investigation of the charges against the New York Board of Aldermen was \$48,000, the fee of Mr. Conkling as counsel being \$20,000, and that of Clarence A. Seward \$21,000.

THE Rhode Island Legislature has refused to repeal the law under which Charles R. Brayton, the Republican "boss," was elected Chief of the State Police for the enforcement of the prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of the State.

REPRESENTATIVE MILLER, of Texas, has introduced in the House an educational Bill appropriating \$8,000,000 annually for ten years to secure the benefits of a free common-school education to children between the ages of eight and eighteen years.

A WINE-CELLAR is to be built at the California State University for experiments on wines from various parts of the State. It is expected that such experiments will do much to make known the localities best adapted to certain varieties of grapes.

THE Papal Consistory has created four other cardinals besides Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, and Tscherean of Quebec, and has nominated three bishops in Ireland, twelve in Spain, six in America, six in France, three in Germany, and seven in other countries.

THE Vatican has accepted the obligation imposed under the Ecclesiastical Bill of giving notice to Prussia of all permanent ecclesiastical appointments made by the Church within the kingdom, and the Catholic Bishops of Prussia have been instructed to perform the duties assigned under the obligation.

TWO FRENCH men-of-war have been sent to the New Hebrides Islands to protect French subjects from massacre by the natives. Some of the troops taken by the vessels will be disembarked on the islands, and, if possible, will establish a temporary military station, where they will remain until quiet is restored.

THE widow of President Tyler, who resides in Richmond, Va., was favored with a piece of the Cleveland wedding-cake, accompanied by the card, "Grover Cleveland and Frances Folsom," and also an announcement of the wedding. The graceful compliment was greatly appreciated. The widow of ex-President Polk was remembered in the same way.

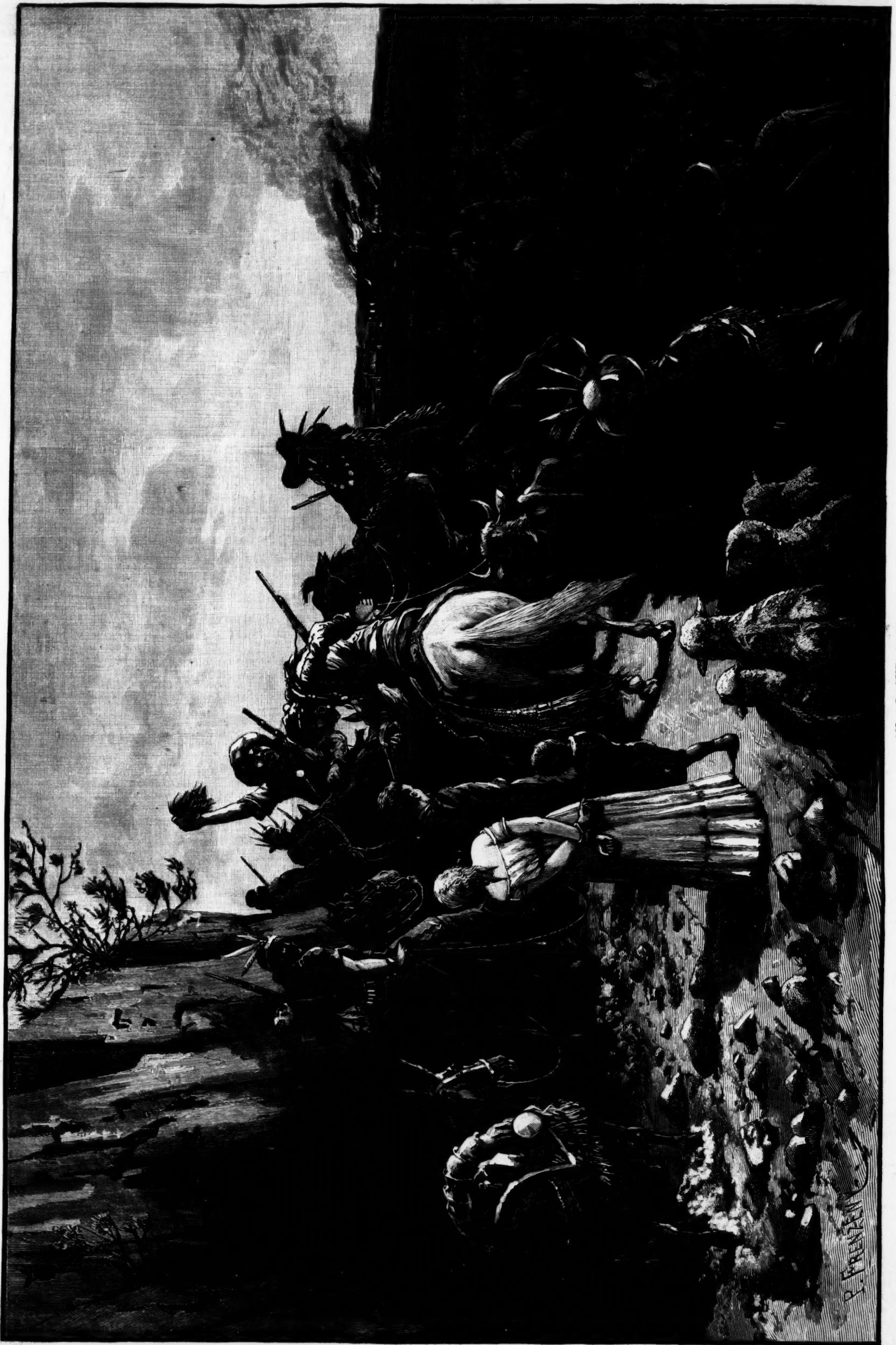
THE law is beginning to make itself felt against the instigators of labor strikes. Last week P. D. Davis, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor Assembly at Pacific, Mo., was sentenced to two years in the State Penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$500, for attempting to wreck the first freight train that left St. Louis during the strike on March 24th, in which he was a leader. Other like offenders in other parts of the country are receiving similar punishment.

THE House of Representatives has passed, by a vote of 188 to 40, a Bill absolutely repealing the pre-emption, timber-culture and desert-land laws, and so modifying the homestead law that the settler is not entitled to a patent until thirty months after the filing of his claim, and six months after the presentation of proof of settlement and cultivation. The Bill now goes to the Senate, where a similar Bill has been lying on the calendar for more than four months.

THE Revs. Peter Moerdyke, J. W. Beardslee, D. D., and D. Van Peet, of the Reformed Church in America, have just sailed for Holland to ask the King of the Netherlands to donate to the library of Hope College a collection of the standard works of literature in the Dutch language, for the benefit of the educational centre in the new West, to which many of the sons of his former subjects are now emigrating. Hope College is under the control of the Reformed Dutch Church in America.

A FARMER from Roumania died of hydrophobia last week while under treatment by M. Pasteur. The man was bitten on May 11th, and by the 25th was in Pasteur's hands. Yet after eleven days' treatment he died in great agony. In the case of the Russians who were bitten by mad wolves and died, it was claimed that mad wolves were madder than mad dogs and their bites worse. This man's death and all the circumstances attending his case are held to upset the theory about the period required for hydrophobia to incubate.

THE mackerel catch by the American fishermen does not give promise of success this season, owing largely to the interruption and annoyances caused by the action of the Dominion authorities. Few mackerel have been landed by the Southern fleet, and the catch on the Gloucester coast is not large. Some of the owners do not feel like fitting out their vessels again, for they have not paid expenses this Spring. Reports from Nova Scotia say mackerel are schooling on that coast, but fishermen will not attempt to go there while the Canadian cruisers are on the alert for intruders and ready to seize all within the three-mile limit.



AN APACHE RAID.
FROM A DRAWING BY P. FRENZKY.—SEE PAGE 283.



THE RETURN OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS BRIDE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.—AN INCIDENT OF THE JOURNEY AT PIEDMONT, MARYLAND.

FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES HOFFMAN.—SEE PAGE 278.

The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and
Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

I CALLED upon a noted lawyer with that object in view. I paid him a liberal fee in advance. I spent several hours in laying my case before him. He informed me that a marriage with a mad woman would be illegal; that when the Lady Ilga recovered her senses she would probably be unwilling to marry me; that the count would undoubtedly be able to outwit me at every turn; that I certainly didn't understand Hans; that he felt sure I would blunder into the hands of the authorities before I had been in Germany twenty-four hours; that he didn't quite understand how I ever managed to make money out of oil; that I'd better keep out of such speculative business hereafter; and that his advice to me would be to buy a ranch in America and go to raising sheep.

Then he bowed me politely out of his office. I don't think I was as tall by an inch, for fully a week after that, as I had been before. I didn't go elsewhere for an opinion for a month.

I got my courage sufficiently in hand, after a time, to venture to call upon a physician. I told him my story. It took nearly a half-day. I paid him an almost fabulous amount for his time. Then he felt of my pulse. He looked at my tongue. He listened to my breathing. He poked and punched me in various parts of my unfortunate but unoffending body. Then he shook his head.

"My poor fellow," he said, kindly, "your entire system is out of order. Your lungs are threatened; your liver is in danger; your brain is likely to give you trouble. There is nothing more serious the matter with you now than a slight mental aberration—a moral obliquity as it were—for you know that that hanging which has affected your overwrought imagination could never really have happened; your own good sense must tell you that it is simply impossible. There is nothing more the matter with you at present than I have stated, but the premonitory symptoms are terrible, sir, terrible!" and he shook his head dejectedly. "I am glad you came to me, sir, and that you came when you did. In America (I am from that great country), my reputation was unbounded and unparalleled. I am the inventor of the greatest boon that was ever placed at the disposal of afflicted humanity, the Universal All-alleviating Pill, purely vegetable, sir, purely vegetable. It costs but a shilling; it cures by striking directly at the fountainhead of disease, acting upon the blood, sir, upon the blood itself. As you may be aware, the blood is the life; the heart of the adult human being is about five inches long, three and a half inches broad, and two and one-half inches thick; it beats about seventy-two times in a minute; should the blood be deficient in any of its necessary ingredients, among which may be mentioned—"

But I had fled. The great doctor was talking to the empty air. If he knew more about the blood than our best scientists do, I shall go to my grave ignorant of it.

I had the name of a celebrated clergyman in my book, as well as that of a Member of Parliament. I had intended calling on them for advice, but I sorrowfully erased their names. My experience had been unfortunate. I would try no more. I wrote this little sentence in my book: "The coming man will not seek advice, unless he is a fool."

I spent that winter in London. It was not altogether a pleasant one. Still I found much in the way of enjoyment. I read much; I wrote some; I spent a portion of my time in learning about London life and society.

Spring came. A "young man's fancy" had lain partially dormant under the influence of some of London's famous fogs, and had given its possessor less trouble than he had anticipated. Now, however, it "lightly turned to thoughts of"—Germany.

I remember the day when I took down a little book in which I had written some of the experiences I have narrated in this chapter. I may say, in passing, my memories of those attempts at finding sympathy and aid are not ones on which I care to dwell. It is scarcely my fault if you have found them uninteresting reading; I have felt it a duty to hold myself too closely to the plain facts to dare hope they are otherwise.

I took down my little book. I read the notes I had made regarding the venerable slayer of tigers and the lovely "fisher of men" who calls him papa. I went over once more the advice my lawyer gave me, and I smiled in spite of myself at the recollection of the medicine the doctor didn't give me.

"The coming man will not seek advice, unless he is a fool."

That was the closing statement of it all. I shut the book with emphatic approval. I took my hat. I took a look from my window at the weather, which promised to be decent. I took a walk.

And then, I took—
Perhaps that is not the best way to begin the relation of the manner in which I illustrated my unlikeliness to the coming man—"unless he is a fool!"

I met my old friend the colonel. He referred to my story.

"I expected to have read your obituary months ago, don't you know?" he said, heartily, playfully poking me in the ribs; "I think more and more every day I live that this generation is perverse and stubborn. Such a strange thing, too! Why, when I was young, every young man of spirit

was anxious to enter the race for military honor. It seems to me the youth of the present day distrust their luck too much. I've almost a mind to disown your acquaintance, Sylvester, on account of your not taking my advice."

"Confound advice!"
"That's just what Criggs said. Headstrong fellow. Good-hearted, though. Brave to fool-hardiness. One of the best captains in the whole army. He said, 'Confound advice,' and one day in the late Autumn, when we had been following a tiger all day long, I said to Criggs, said I—"
"Hang Criggs!"

The colonel opened his eyes as wide as his ponderous dignity would permit.

"We can't hang Criggs," he said, with a mournful attempt at humor, "for you see, the tiger—"

"I don't see the tiger; I won't see the tiger; and I won't listen to a word about the tiger. I—"

"Well, well, boy, don't get heated about a little matter like this. What I was going to say was, that perhaps I could put you in the way of good advice, after all. Have you ever applied to an English detective?"

"No. I had never thought of that."

"Do it by all means, then. It is the best thing you can do. Why, we rely on the marvelous keenness of these fellows, even in India. Baggs had been robbed; fine fellow that Baggs; lost his life years afterwards in the most peculiar manner; you see, there had been a tiger—"

"I don't see anything peculiar in that. I had gathered from your conversation that in India tigers were an everyday thing, quite a commonplace matter."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the colonel; "you young fellows will have your jokes. There is no such thing as being serious with you. But I started to tell you of one of the numerous exploits of one of our wonderful London detectives. Let me see. What case was it? Do you remember the name of the gentleman I was speaking of when—when—"

"When I headed off that tiger?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Very good—very good, indeed! You don't remember his name? No? Very singular—very! But no matter. Any one of a half-dozen cases will do. Wife and daughter are out of town for a few days; dine with me at my club and I'll tell you of them all."

"I—I think I have an engagement for to-day. I am very sorry."

"It's all right—all right. Boys will be boys; was a boy once myself. Sly dog you; very sly. Don't grieve. You regret it more than I do. Some other evening will do. Come whenever you feel disposed."

"Thank you."
"Well, as I was about to say, Dobbs had a young wife, and the young wife had a rich father, and his present to her when she married Dobbs was a very handsome set of diamonds. And one day they were missing, and—"

"Who, Dobbs and his wife?"

"No, the diamonds."

"Oh!"
"Yes, sir; the diamonds were gone. I shall never forget the day. Dobbs was stationed at a little place a good ways up the country. One of the finest men in the service, sir, that's what Dobbs was. Why, I remember that a native came in one day, almost mad with terror; at least two tigers—"

"Thank you. Good-day. I'll not take any tiger to-day," I cried, as I broke from this hero of astonishing adventures and hurried away.

I took no tiger. But I took the colonel's advice. In a half-hour I was in consultation with one of the most noted detectives in all London.

Perhaps "consultation" is not just the word to use, though I know no better. The peculiarity of the man I had come to see was his own verbal brevity, and the brevity-compelling bluntness of his manner towards others.

"Do I have the honor of—"

"Rashie's my name. Yours?"

I handed him my card. He read it.

"H'm! Sylvester. H'm!"

"I called, Mr. Rashie, to see if it would be possible—"

"Birthplace?" curtly interrupted Mr. Rashie.

"Pennsylvania."

"Business?"

"Well, sir, I was fortunate enough to acquire a—"

"Gentleman are you? Where've you been?"

"In Germany."

"Who did you know?"

"Several people. There was a gentleman named Count Varraz, and—"

"Any women?"

"Yes, sir, the Lady Ilga; the most beautiful woman I ever saw; the most charming; the—"

"Skip it, please. Love her?"

"I did. No one could have known her as well as I did, and not feel that his whole future—"

"Exactly. Love returned!"

"I don't know. You see, Mr. Rashie, that—"

"Why not ask her?"

"Her mind was not exactly what one could wish, and I—"

"Mad, was she?"

"I suppose one would have to call it so, though her case was a peculiar—"

"Precisely. Any others?"

"A man named Hans, and a certain Dr. Illeon Brajazzi."

"Didn't mean that. Any women?"

"There was one called Hilda."

"Yes. What of her?"

"She was killed."

"Accident?"

"Murder."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know."

"Any one suspected?"

"Yes; there was as good and innocent a man

as I ever knew—a man who would never stoop to so base a crime—"

"The usual thing! Did they catch him?"

"They did."

"Try him?"

"Yes."

"What result?"

"Conviction."

The reader will see that I was getting fairly into the humor of this (to me) new sort of adviser.

"And then?"

"They hanged him."

"Very well. Which of these persons was he?"

"John Adams Sylvester!"

I believe I am the only person who ever fully astonished a London detective. I think I am the only one who ever really loosened the tongue of Mr. Rashie.

"Why, man, this is incredible; it is marvelous; it is actually strange; it is new to me; such things cannot be very common! Tell me all about it."

I did. His surprise prevented the otherwise inevitable interruption.

He sat silent when I had finished. He looked so stern and dignified that I hated to interrupt his thoughts. I ventured to do so at length, however.

"What would you advise?"

"Advise? I? Let me think a moment. I think it will be best for you to—to—to come and see me in the morning."

That seemed practical. It showed moderation and thoughtfulness on Mr. Rashie's part. I acted on the suggestion.

When I was shown up to Mr. Rashie's room the next morning, the gentleman was not in. An open telegram lay upon his desk. I could not help seeing my name in it; it was the result of one of those glances which the best of us cannot avoid; but, having seen that much, I read the rest. I have no excuses to offer. You may agree with me that none are needed.

The telegram was dated at the place where my execution took place. It was signed by the man who hanged me. It read as follows:

"Answering yours. Sylvester was hanged. Brajazzi had body. If story true, deliver prisoner here. Will guarantee reward."

I took my pencil and wrote my name on the slip.

I was standing near the door when Rashie entered.

"Good-morning," said he.

"Good-morning."

"You love Lady Ilga?"

"Yes."

"You hate the count?"

"Certainly."

"You realize the fact that you are unlikely to succeed in either your love or your desire for justice unless you go to Germany?"

"I do."

"I am not busy. You would desire to take a good detective with you?"

"A good one—yes."

"Well, I—" his eye fell on the slip, and on my name where I had written it; he made no motion to indicate what he must have felt; his face did not change; but I shall always think he changed the ending of his sentence—"I—I advise you not to go."

CHAPTER XXI.—"ONCE ONE IS TWO!"

YOU would have gone away and spoken harshly of Rashie, would you? I didn't. Perhaps you would have found London so uncomfortable a place of residence, with Germany near you and Rashie nearer, that you'd have taken passage for America at once? I didn't.

There are two or three ways in which to regard Rashie's conduct. First, his business was the bringing of criminals to justice, and it may be there was reason for excusing him if he followed his business instincts on all occasions. I did not excuse him. I should have been unwilling to look at his treachery in just that light. Second, Rashie might have been judged by his intentions. I don't know what punishment I would consider quite adequate for a man who would be guilty of what he meant to do. I have not forgotten Mr. Rashie, and, though I have never seen the gentleman since that Spring morning when his telegram saved me, I have kept myself posted regarding his actions to an extent which would be a source of anxiety even to so shrewd an individual as Mr. Rashie—if he knew it. Third, a man (and this creature, Rashie, must pass for one, I suppose) may be judged by the results of his actions. When I looked at the results of what this remarkable detective had done, there was actually a tender spot in my heart for him. He had made it impossible for me to go to Germany; for no one would venture into the very clutches of his foes, legal or otherwise. He had made London unsafe for me; for surely the authorities were liable to look for me there; and if not the authorities, then those equally worthy of dread. In a word, he had made America the only logical residence for me. This was the Rashie philosophy, as I read it and the man.

My philosophy was different. I relied on the safety which follows the actions of the disciples of the unexpected. I put my faith in the immunity which is the portion of those who find the safest shelter close under the walls of a victorious enemy. Rashie had made a safe journey to Germany possible. I went to Germany. This incomparably mean and treacherous rascal has my hearty thanks!

Yes, I went back to the scenes of my greatest happiness and my most intense woe. I know you wouldn't have done it. I am aware it took courage. But I put on a wig and beard, "well calculated to deceive," and I went.

The change of appearance, in hair and face and clothing, was only a part of the alterations in my

standing and position in the world. I became Captain Jack Adams, lately resigned from Her Majesty's service on account of impaired health resulting from a long residence in India; I believed that I had a military bearing; I thought that it wouldn't require much care to keep up the reputation of a damaged liver; and I had the beginnings of several good tiger stories—and a good imagination.

I wanted to test my new disguise before leaving London. So I got John Adams Sylvester to write a polite letter to my old friend, the colonel, introducing Captain Jack Adams, lately resigned, etc., etc.

The colonel invited me to dinner. He was delighted to see me.

"I remember hearing Bloggs speak of Adams. I never met his friend, though. I presume you are the same one."

I presumed I was.

"Bloggs was never weary of praising you."

"And Bloggs was such a fine man, so brave, so true."

"Ahem! He did seem so for a time."

"Yes. I meant only for a time."

"It was a pity he took to drink."

"Indeed it was," said I, "a terrible pity. He was such a fine soldier."

"Yes—yes—he—he—I think he had that reputation until he was cashiered for cowardice."

"Well, I didn't mean after that. How strangely sad that some persons seem peculiarly liable to a fear over which they have no control. He was so nearly perfect in other respects."

"You are among those, then, who doubt the truth of the slanderous stories connected with his divorce?"

"Of course I am. How could one so honest and—"

"But they proved he pawned his aunt's diamonds, did they not?"

"I never believed it," said I, which was true enough, seeing that Bloggs was an entire novelty so far as I was concerned. I began to believe the character of a captain might be a trifle difficult to carry. I was glad when the colonel dropped Bloggs; on the whole, I believed I should prefer tigers.

"I heard of your exploit with those two tigers," said the colonel.

"Indeed," said I, modestly, determined to let the old gentleman tell the story this time—if he only kindly would.

"They were doing a terrible work of destruction, were they not?"

"Indeed they were. When I went out they were in the corn—"

"In the corn?" cried the colonel.

I affected to cough.

"In the con-founded undergrowth of the jungle," said I.

"Oh!" said the colonel.

There was an awkward silence. Then the colonel began again.

"I always admired your quiet determination on that occasion. You were bound to kill those tigers?"

"I should think so. We were out of meat!"

"Out-of-meat?"

The colonel fairly gasped.

I could stand it no longer. I sprang from the table. I dashed from the room. I got my hat and cane. I got out of the house.

My secret was still my own. But for some reason the dinner hadn't quite met my expectations.
(To be continued.)

WAUKESHA,

THE FAMOUS HEALTH RESORT OF WISCONSIN.

SPRINGS! That is the feature of Waukesha. There are ten of them at least, and all of them are believed to possess more or less health-giving qualities, some, however, being more famous than others. In countless thousands, and each season their number increases, invalids from all over the world have visited these Springs. Although by far the larger proportion of strangers who go there are in need of the waters on account of physical ailments, yet many who are purely in quest of pleasure pass the Summer season in that vicinity. The throngs which crowd the streets and fill the hotels and boarding-houses are not the least of the attractions afforded. Almost every type of humanity and every nationality is represented, and the life of the place is full of picturesqueness and color. The village itself is a marvel of beauty. When it is remembered that it is but eighteen years since the virtues of its waters were discovered, its growth and popularity must be considered really wonderful. It was then nothing more than an unknown village of five hundred population, and though its surroundings were as lovely as nature could make them, yet nobody ever dreamed of the fame that was in store for it. The inhabitants of the town now number within a fraction of five thousand, and evidences of its constant growth are seen upon every hand. New streets and avenues are reaching out in every direction; lovely cottages and costly residences are springing up in all parts of the town; the hotels are multiplying, and some of them are of the most palatial character; the streets and avenues are beautifully shaded with majestic elms, and there is a general air of thrift and refinement seldom met with in the West. The citizens generally are people of "push," and of the law-and-order quality. There are churches of almost every creed, and all the well-known secret Orders are strong in membership. The great ambition of the people of Waukesha appears to be to take good care of the guests who flock to their midst.

In the vicinity of the town are numerous bits of scenery and stretches of landscape of the most surprising beauty. A view of the place from "Tower Hill" is one of the favored points to visitors. From this elevation, the picture is one of peculiar loveliness.

Within a dozen miles of Waukesha are some twenty little lakes, of which Oconomowoc, Okauke, Nashotah, Nagawick, Pine, Beaver and Pewaukee are the most noted. Muskego, the largest in the county, is the paradise for sportsmen, and is visited during the season by hundreds who seek only recreation of that character. The sur-

face of the country is generally undulating, and is divided into highly cultivated farms.

Visitors commence dropping into Waukesha by the middle of May, and by July 1st the tide is full. The "season" closes about the last of September.

Waukesha is only twenty miles west of Milwaukee, at the junction of three great lines of railway—the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; the Chicago and Northwestern; and the Wisconsin Central—which bring Waukesha into direct connection with the railway system of the country.

The virtue of Waukesha waters is particularly apparent in cases of kidney affections, though many find them greatly beneficial in other constitutional derangements, especially of the digestive organs and the liver. To just what ingredients the medical effect of the water is due has not been satisfactorily demonstrated. The carbonates of magnesia, iron, lime and salt (one grain to the gallon), the sulphates of potassa and soda and alumina and silica, comprise their mineral constituents. The most dangerous and stubborn cases of diabetes known to the medical world have succumbed to those waters. Hundreds who were taken there as hopeless invalids upon cots have returned to their homes unassisted. Many cures effected are really marvelous, the patients themselves being astonished at the result. The medicinal qualities of the water were accidentally discovered in 1868 by a Colonel Richard Dunbar, who had been pronounced by physicians as stricken by death. He had long been a sufferer from *diabetes mellitus*, and went to Waukesha to die, and being denied tea and coffee, drank the water as it was brought from the Springs, and actually recovered his health and lived twelve years thereafter.

The waters of Waukesha are now a staple article of commerce throughout the civilized world. It is shipped in bottles and barrels to the extent of from four to six carloads per day, and countless thousands who are unable to visit the Springs in person derive great benefit in partaking of the water second-hand.

No Summer seeker after health or pleasure in the West can afford to omit Waukesha from his schedule of travel. The time recently spent there by the representative of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER was crowded with enjoyment, and he is greatly indebted to the generous people of the town for the cordial manner in which he was entertained.

THE APACHE TERRORS.

SINCE the alleged capture and escape of the redoubtable chief Geronimo, the atrocities of the Apache Indians in Arizona and New Mexico have been renewed with greater boldness than ever. The resources at the command of General Miles have thus far proved totally inadequate to the task of hunting down these swift and bloody savages. Since their recent return across the frontier from Mexico, they have killed nearly a score of persons, and made raids upon settlers within cannon-shot of the forts. Their present place of rendezvous appears to be among the Galiuro Mountains, east of the San Pedro River—a rough country full of natural strongholds. The settlers are thoroughly aroused, and have organized an auxiliary force to aid the overworked army soldiers. General Miles' latest report to the War Department, dated at Calabasas, June 7th, will serve to illustrate the difficulties encountered in the pursuit of the hostile Apaches. "For thirty-six days," he says, "they have been pursued by the troops, in scattered bands and together, eight hundred miles over the most mountainous region of the country. After three engagements with ours and two with Mexican troops, one party endeavored to reach the agency. Lieutenant Wade and Captain Pierce had the Indians on the reservation under close control. Instead of getting assistance, what horses they had were captured, but the band escaped on foot to the mountains. They stole a remount and joined the remainder in the Catalina Mountains; were driven out by the troops, and followed through the Whetstone, Santa Rita and Patagonia Mountains; last night, just before dark, Lieutenant Walsh, Fourth Cavalry, with thirty-nine soldiers and Indian scouts, intercepted the band in the Patagonia Mountains and captured three horses, saddles and supplies. He renewed the pursuit at daylight. The Indians have been given no rest, and if not captured at once they will be driven into Sonora, Mexico."

THE FISHERIES TROUBLE.

THE unlucky Gloucester fishing-schooner *David J. Adams*, whose seizure by the Canadian authorities on the 7th of May was the immediate cause of the present international dispute, still lies in Digby harbor, an "awful example" to bait-buyers. She was the centre of attraction when the combined interest of the opening of the Supreme Circuit Court and Nomination Day for the Provincial Parliament to represent Digby County drew crowds of people into the town on Tuesday of last week. Most of the visiting fishermen expressed indignation against the Government for the vessel's detention; and many, who miss the patronage of the Yankee skippers, loudly lamented the prohibition against bait-buying by Americans. Meanwhile, most of the Gloucester fishermen contrive to get bait enough on their own hook, so to speak; and large traps of fish are daily arriving in the Massachusetts ports in vessels that have baited on American shores. The indignation aroused by the harsh treatment they suffered, however, is not diminished, and there is still much wild talk of arming the schooners with cannon. The dispatches from the provinces bearing on the exclusion of American fishing-vessels from waters within three miles of a line drawn from headland to headland cause consternation, and fishermen say that this construction of the treaty will cut off the American mackerel-fishery. The United States Government is working slowly, but it is to be hoped—surely. As fast as the skippers of American vessels who have been ordered out from the large bays arrive, their affidavits will be taken before a notary public, and these statements forwarded to the authorities at Washington. Then they will have something substantial to work upon.

THE DEFEAT OF HOME RULE.

THE Home Rule Bill failed to pass its second reading in the House of Commons, on the morning of the 8th inst., by a vote of 311 to 341. The excitement in the House during the fateful session was intense. The galleries were crowded, and the floor and lobbies jammed. Mr. Gladstone entered the House at 4:55 p.m. and went straight to his

seat. He wore a white rose in his lapel. The Parnellites were all in good voice, and they gave Mr. Gladstone a most enthusiastic welcome. The Opposition loudly cheered John Bright and Lord Hartington as they entered and took their places. Michael Davitt occupied a seat in the gallery, and near him sat Earl Spencer, both of whom listened intently to the speeches for and against the Bill. The first great event of the evening was Parnell's speech. The Nationalist leader was pale, but collected, and when he rose the House became so still that a whisper in any part could have been heard. He went over the statement previously made by Irish speakers as to the alleged proposals of the Tory leaders to introduce a measure giving Home Rule to Ireland in consideration of help by the transfer of the Irish vote in Great Britain to Conservative candidates at the general election of 1885. These statements having been denied and laughed at by the Tory leaders, Mr. Parnell was at great pains to set all possible doubt on the subject at rest by a careful, definite and authoritative review of the facts. He alleged that the Tory chiefs who were parties to the negotiations distinctly pledged themselves to frame and introduce into the House of Commons a Bill granting Home Rule to Ireland. This Bill was, at least in one respect, more advanced than that at the moment before the House, as it was intended to grant protective powers to the Irish Government to be by it established. As an additional inducement they promised further to bring in a measure transferring the land of Ireland from the present owners to the occupiers, creating a peasant proprietary. This Bill was intended to be similar in its general features to the Land Purchase Bill introduced by the present Government, but it was much wider in its scope and far more liberal in all material points. These assertions took the House completely by surprise, and caused a tremendous outburst of cheers, counter-cheers and demonstrations of various kinds. The whole House was aroused to the extreme pitch of excitement, Mr. Gladstone being most energetic in his manifestations of satisfaction at the unexpected turn Parnell's speech had taken. The tumult having subsided, Mr. Parnell proceeded at some length to dissect Mr. Chamberlain's proposed measure as a substitute for Mr. Gladstone's scheme. He picked it to pieces in a cool, analytical manner, and wound up by declaring that its only object was to keep the Irish under the thumb of subjection and render the scheme of a native Irish Parliament utterly unworthy of the name and unworkable, and that to such an end of Irish aspirations the Irish people would never submit. The close of the speech was powerful and almost emotional, something unlooked for in Parnell, who rarely deigns to manifest strong feeling. It was received with hearty cheers.

Immediately after Parnell resumed his seat several Radical Independents whose votes were expected to be given against the second reading went over to the Nationalist leader and congratulated him on his cool, clear and convincing statement, and assured him what he had said had led them to change their intentions, and that they would vote for the Bill. Three or four other members crossed over to Chamberlain and stated their desire to be relieved of their pledge to him to vote against the Bill. Following Mr. Parnell came Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and then Mr. Gladstone closed the debate, meeting the points of the Opposition and exposing the fallacy of many of the objections urged against the Bill. The vote was then taken, resulting as before stated. The excitement during the division is said to have had no parallel in the history of the House of Commons. Lord Randolph Churchill was the first to discover that the Government was defeated, and by waving his hat and indulging in other joyful demonstrations he aroused the enthusiasm of the members of the Opposition, who, rising, waved their hats and cheered again and again. When the figures were announced the noise was deafening. The Parnellites rose and challenged the vote. Mr. O'Connor called for cheers for the "Grand Old Man," which were given with a gusto by the Government supporters, and Sir William Harcourt and his companions rose and bowed to Mr. Gladstone, who was somewhat embarrassed. The Parnellites called for groans for Chamberlain, which were given, with shouts of "Traitor!" and "Judas Iscariot!" which were taken up as the news spread like wildfire through the lobbies and halls to the outside, where an immense multitude had gathered awaiting the announcement of the vote. Among the crowd were great numbers of Irish in a condition of irrepressible excitement.

When order was restored Mr. Gladstone rose, white and trembling, and moved to adjourn until Thursday. Messrs. Healy and O'Connor again challenged the vote, saying they would not offer opposition, but wished to express their repugnance of the conduct of many members of Mr. Gladstone's party. During the hubbub which followed, Mr. Gladstone, wearing a haggard look, left the House, cheered by his supporters. Finally the motion to adjourn was adopted, and the House was speedily emptied of its excited members.

TWO NEW PRETENDERS TO THRONES.

SWEDEN and Denmark, curiously enough, are both at present besieged by pretenders to the throne. One in the Swedish Province of East Gothland claims to be the unfortunate Prince Gustaf, elder brother of the reigning King, who in the beginning of this century, while at a field manoeuvre in Skone, suddenly fell from his horse and died. It is to this day believed by a large portion of the peasants that Prince Gustaf did not die, but was carried off to Norway because of his intention to marry a girl of humble birth. Having succeeded in escaping, he let his beard grow and went to Italy, where, under the name of Garibaldi, he effected the liberation of that country. He is, however, not dead, but will come and be the King of the Swedes! So much for the Swedish pretender.

The Danish one has just turned up. The Danish paper *Politiken* says: "There have arrived in Copenhagen from Stettin two men, father and son—the former sixty, the latter twenty-one, years old, with a trunk loaded with papers and documents to prove that they are direct descendants of the House of Oldenburg, and to show that if at the death of Frederick VII. they had possessed these documents they could have proved their exclusive right to the throne. They both bear the original name of the House of Gluckburg, Beck, and went the day after their arrival to the master of ceremonies to seek an audience with the King. They were directed to seek it through the German Ambassador, being German subjects. The Embassy, after some parley, did not act, and the pretenders tried themselves to obtain an audience to suggest that their claims—which are attested

by the highest German authorities—may be subjected to a thorough scrutiny. To begin with, they can claim an inheritance of 2,500,000 marks with which to carry on the case. They then applied to the Stettin authorities for a recommendation to the German Council of the Legation. Neither of the two men," says the *Politiken*, "looks as an adventurer. The older is tall and slender, with an aristocratic bearing, and youthful and winning manners. His features are in an amazing degree like those of the late Russian Czar, so much so that any one who has seen the Czar's picture is struck with the resemblance. The older of the two gentlemen has passed the greater part of his time in researches among the archives and collections in Copenhagen. Whole nights he studied his family history, but he always was stopped at a vanished child. After fifteen years of labor he has to his full satisfaction proved that he is the grandson of this vanished child. Besides, he has in his possession armorial and other precious things to strengthen his claims. The young Beck bears a strong resemblance to Prince Waldemar, and his acquaintance with the affairs of the House of Oldenburg is said to be most astonishing."

A PLAN OF ARBITRATION IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

MR. SCHOENHOF, the well-known writer on political economy, now Consul at Tunstall, describes in an official communication the system of arbitration maintained by the earthenware manufacturers and workmen of Staffordshire. Every year the employers and employees choose a board of twenty men, ten employers selected by employers and ten workmen selected by workmen. This board chooses an umpire, a president, a vice-president and two secretaries, one for each class of which the board is composed. The present umpire is Thomas Hughes, of Rugby fame. Meetings are held quarterly, and also at the request of three members. In case of a dispute a joint written statement is presented to the board, if one can be agreed upon; if not, each party presents a written statement. When the question at issue affects the whole trade or a whole branch of it, the umpire presides at the sitting, and his decision is final. Questions not affecting a whole branch are submitted to a board committee of four, two employers and two employees, and if they cannot agree they send the case to a referee, whose decision is final, the referee being appointed by the umpire if the committee is unable to agree upon one. The umpire can verify statements made to him by the investigations of an accountant appointed by himself. The Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, as it is styled, and all its officers, are eligible for re-election. Work at existing prices is continued during any dispute, the decision dating backward to the time of appeal. Prices are agreed upon for the year once for all.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MARCEL DEPREZ, the French engineer, has about perfected his machinery for transmitting electricity over long distances. The Rothschilds of Paris have given him over \$500,000.

EMINENT meteorologists, who have investigated the phenomena of the red sunsets, are now agreed that they were caused mainly by the masses of aqueous vapor thrown out by the volcano Krakatoa. This looks more feasible than the theory that they were due to volcanic dust.

CAPTAIN H. TOYNBEE, of the London Meteorological Society, has arrived at the conclusion that clouds of less than 2,000 feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain; and if they are, it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops. With a thickness of between 2,000 and 4,000 feet the size of the drops is moderate. With increasing thickness comes increasing size of the drops, and at the same time their temperature becomes lower, until, when the thickness is greater than 6,000 feet, hail is produced.

THE meteorites that fall upon the earth are composed chiefly of iron. Signor Bombicci suggests an explanation of this. The earth is a big magnet, as shown by the proceedings of a bar of steel freely suspended and accurately balanced on its centre. Bombicci's idea is that this big terrestrial magnet, when rushing through space containing meteoric particles, exerts a selective attraction for those which are ferruginous. The fact that so many masses of meteoric iron have been found in the Arctic regions, so far as it goes, supports this theory.

THE Philadelphia *Record* says that "at a recent gathering of electricians there was talk of establishing stations in the coal regions of Pennsylvania and of transmitting electricity by wire for power purposes instead of transporting the coal. It is not improbable that great strides will soon be made in this direction. The suggestion is another form of an idea that was entertained by Siemens, who predicted that the time would come when coal would be converted into gas at the mines at the rate of 40,000 cubic feet per ton, and would be pumped to manufacturing centres, thus doing away with the expensive system of railroad transportation now in vogue."

MR. HOAR has introduced in the Senate a Bill in regard to a National Art Commission, which has been urged by many artists, architects and other persons competent to judge of such questions. The Bill provides for a non-salaried commission of fourteen members, four of whom are to be sculptors, four painters, three architects and three men of other employments who have knowledge of art. The purpose is to prevent the Government from being imposed upon in the purchase of works of art, as is now frequently the case, and also to prevent the disfigurement of Washington or other cities by the erection at public expense of such hideous structures as the new Pension Building at the capital.

A SPLENDID Rembrandt has been added to the Brussels Museum, bought from a Cologne picture-dealer for \$20,000. It is a beautifully preserved life-sized portrait of an aged burgher Flemish housewife, boldly and delicately executed, and belonging to Rembrandt's best period of work, as his signature on the picture gives the date 1656. The old housewife stands upright with her hands crossed at her waist; she wears a black dress, with a large white linen cape over her shoulders, and a white cap. Hitherto the Brussels Museum has only possessed one Rembrandt, the portrait of a man, dated 1641, and distinctly inferior to the present acquisition, which moreover is very cheap, as recent Rembrandts have risen as high as \$32,000 and \$40,000.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE late John Kelly left all his property, valued at \$400,000, to his wife.

It is said that Congressman Martin A. Foran of Ohio is engaged upon a novel.

MR. J. R. BODWELL has been nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Maine.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P., will in September next commence a lecturing tour in the United States.

By the will of Colonel John B. Folsom, grandfather of Mrs. Cleveland, that lady receives about \$50,000.

EX-SENATOR FERRY, of Michigan, is watching politics in his State in the hope of being able to return to the Senate.

OFFICIAL notice has been received at Quebec of the elevation of Archbishop Tschereau to the Cardinalate by the Papal Consistory.

It is understood that soon after the adjournment of Congress the President will take a trip through the Adirondacks and the White Mountains and visit Boston.

WHEN the infant King of Spain was being christened Alfonso Leon Fernando Maria Santiago Isidoro Pascual Marciano, he protested several times in loud voice. No wonder.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOUETT has been detached from command of the North Atlantic Squadron, and ordered to duty as President of the inspection Board, with headquarters at Washington.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, of Boston, has been elected an honorary member of the Vassar Class of '86, and has accepted the election. He is the first honorary member of any Class at Vassar.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, the distinguished English scholar, is receiving many attentions from prominent literary persons in Philadelphia and other cities. He will return to England in August.

REPRESENTATIVES MILLIKEN, BOUTELLE and DINGLEY, of Maine, have been nominated for re-election to Congress. United States Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island has been re-elected for a term of six years.

It is rumored that Prince Alexander of Bulgaria will journey westward next month to find a wife to share with him his recently won laurels. His programme includes official visits to Pesth, Darmstadt, Vienna and London.

It is stated that Mme. Christine Nilsson, after her European tour, which will end next April, will marry Count Casa Miranda, the Departmental Secretary at Madrid under the Government of Canovas del Castillo.

GOVERNOR ALGER of Michigan has presented a fan to each girl inmate of the Adrian Industrial Home who was perfect in deportment for the month of April, and a clock to each girl who had a perfect record for April and May.

PROFESSOR J. H. WRIGHT, of Dartmouth College, has been appointed to the chair in the Johns Hopkins University made vacant by the death of Professor Morris. Mr. Wright will be Professor of Classical Philology, and at the same time Dean of the Board of Collegiate Advisers.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA having been invited to contest Hornsey for Parliament in the Liberal interest, replies that he would have consented to do so six months ago, but that he is now a heart-broken, desolate old man, utterly without ambition, and with no heart to enter political life.

REV. DR. SUNDERLAND received a fee of \$100 for performing the President's marriage ceremony. It was a brand-new bill, which had never, apparently, been in circulation, and immediately after the President's departure was presented to Mrs. Sunderland by the doctor. Mrs. Sunderland will keep it as a memento of the occasion.

THE Emperor of Germany will go to Ems at the end of June. From Ems he will go to Gastein, where he will remain three weeks, and return to Berlin before going to Alsace to witness the Autumn military manoeuvres. It is said that an interview between the Emperor and the Czar has been arranged to take place in August.

THE monument to be erected over the burial-place of the late Lieutenant-commander Goringe, U. S. N., in the Rockland Cemetery, in Rockland County, N. Y., will be a reduced copy of the Egyptian Obelisk in Central Park, which was removed to this country through his engineering skill. It will be thirty-two feet high, of Vermont granite.

DON. M. DICKINSON, the Michigan leader who has the President's ear, says Mr. Cleveland will be renominated and re-elected whether he wants a second term or not. In the hands of the people, the masses of whom, Mr. Dickinson insists, are pleased with the Administration's work, the President will be simply powerless. We shall see.

DOM AUGUSTO LEOPOLDO GONZALEZ, Duke of Saxe, and a grandson of Dom Pedro II., arrived in New York last week, sailing up the river on a Brazilian man-of-war, which carries eight guns and 307 officers and men. The Prince has inherited the complexion of his German father. His hair and eyebrows are golden. He is a well-built young fellow, tall and slender, and wore a plain gray suit.

ACCORDING to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "The History of the Life and Administration of Abraham Lincoln," on which John J. Nicolay and John Hay are engaged, has developed into one of the most elaborate historical works produced in this generation. It will probably extend to eight or ten volumes of large octavo, and will contain many original and official papers of great importance and value.

MRS. LUCILLE YSEULT DUDLEY, who in February of last year shot O'Donovan Rossa, and who since her trial has been confined in the Insane Asylum at Middletown, N. Y., was last week transferred to the Asylum for Insane Criminals at Auburn. The movement to secure her release on condition that she should return to England failed because the friendly woman could find nobody in this country ready to pay the expenses.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR has gained nothing in flesh during the past few weeks, and his nourishment is still of a very delicate nature, but he is brave and patient, and gives little trouble to his attendants. His recovery is regarded as doubtful. It is thought now that he will be taken to New London, Conn., for the heated term, as soon as he is able to stand the journey. Should the trip be made, Mr. Arthur will probably be taken up the Sound in a steam-yacht and given comfortable accommodations in one of the cottages attached to the Pequot House.



OREGON.—HON. SYLVESTER PENNOYER,
THE GOVERNOR-ELECT.
PHOTO. BY BROWN.

HON. SYLVESTER PENNOYER,
GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OREGON.

THE election in the State of Oregon, last week, seems to have resulted in a substantial Democratic victory. The returns at this writing indicate that the Republicans re-elected Herlihy to Congress by 1,000 plurality, and also elect their candidates for Secretary of State, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Public Printer. The Democrats elect their candidates for Governor, Treasurer, and Supreme Judge. As Governor, Secretary of State, and Treasurer, constitute the Board for the management of all State institutions, the Democrats will have control of the State affairs for the next four years.

Hon. Sylvester Penoyer, the Governor-elect, is a native of New York, having been born at Groton, Tompkins County, in 1831. His early years were spent upon his father's farm; but desiring

to pursue a professional career, he entered the Law School of Harvard University, and graduated from there in 1854. The following year he removed to Oregon, when it was still a Territory, and has resided there ever since. He was admitted to practice in the inferior and superior courts of the State; but, seeing the splendid possibilities of the lumber business in the then immense forests of Oregon, he abandoned his professional ambition and engaged in the timber trade, and has been for years connected with one of the largest mills in the State. For a brief period he edited the *Oregon Herald*, displaying marked ability as a writer.

Mr. Penoyer belongs to the old school of Jeffersonian Democracy, and is a man of decided convictions and force of character. He was not a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, the honor coming to him as the natural expression of the popular esteem. He is under-

stood to be in close sympathy with the labor and anti-monopoly elements of his party.

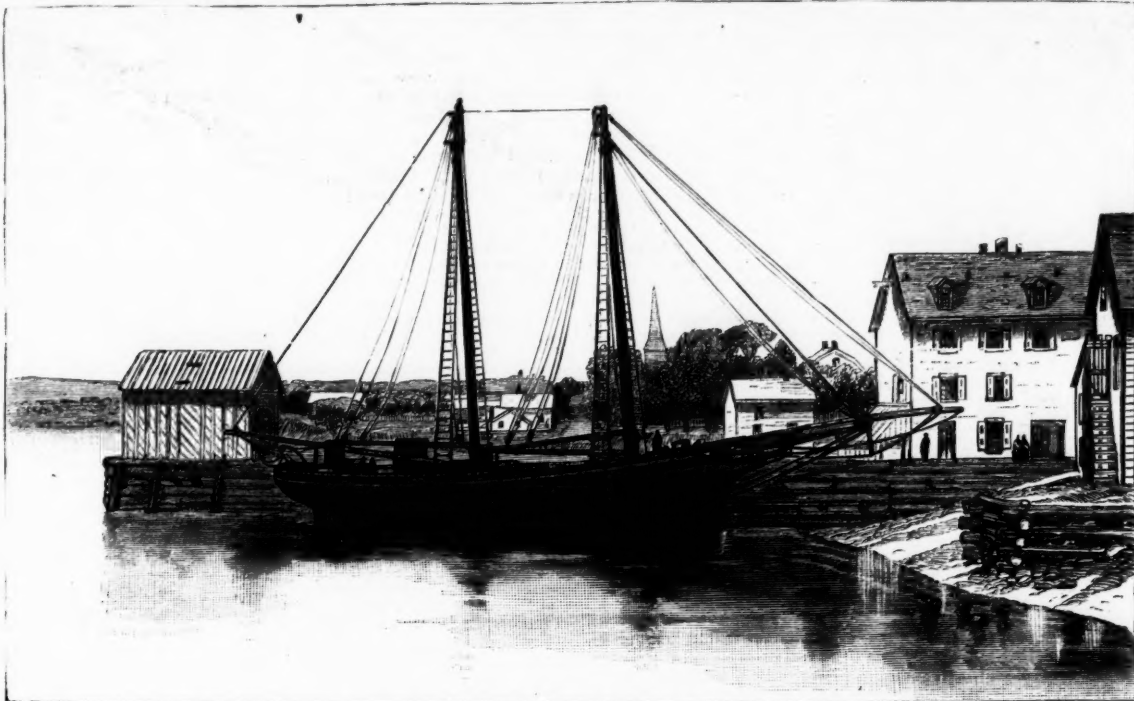
THE STEAMSHIP "ALLER."

THE new North German Lloyd steamship *Aller* takes her place as one of the finest vessels of that popular line. She is the sixth steamer built for the Company at Fairfield, Glasgow, during the past five years, and two more are in course of construction, to meet the enormously increased demands of travel upon the German boats.

The *Aller's* dimensions are: Length, 455 feet; breadth, 48 feet; depth molded, 36 feet 3 inches. The upper and main decks are of teak, and all deck-houses, etc., are of steel and teak. To protect the vessel from the heavy Atlantic seas, strongly constructed turtle-backs are placed at both ends of the ship. The vessel will accommo-

date 224 first-class, 94 second-class and 850 third-class passengers, and officers and crew to the number of 170.

The most striking feature of the vessel is in the machinery. She is fitted with the largest "triple-expansion" engines that have yet been constructed, and the arrangement of the machinery throughout presents several novel features. The high-pressure cylinder is 44 inches diameter, the intermediate pressure 70 inches diameter, and the low pressure 108 inches diameter, each of which is adapted for a stroke of six feet. All the cylinders are fitted with equilibrium piston-valves, which are placed behind the cylinders, and worked by the "Bryce Douglas" patent valve gear. The vessel is rigged with four pole masts of steel, with yards on the foremasts. The outfit is complete, with all the latest improvements, having steam windlass, steam and hand capstans, steam and hand steering gear, steam hold pumps, steam

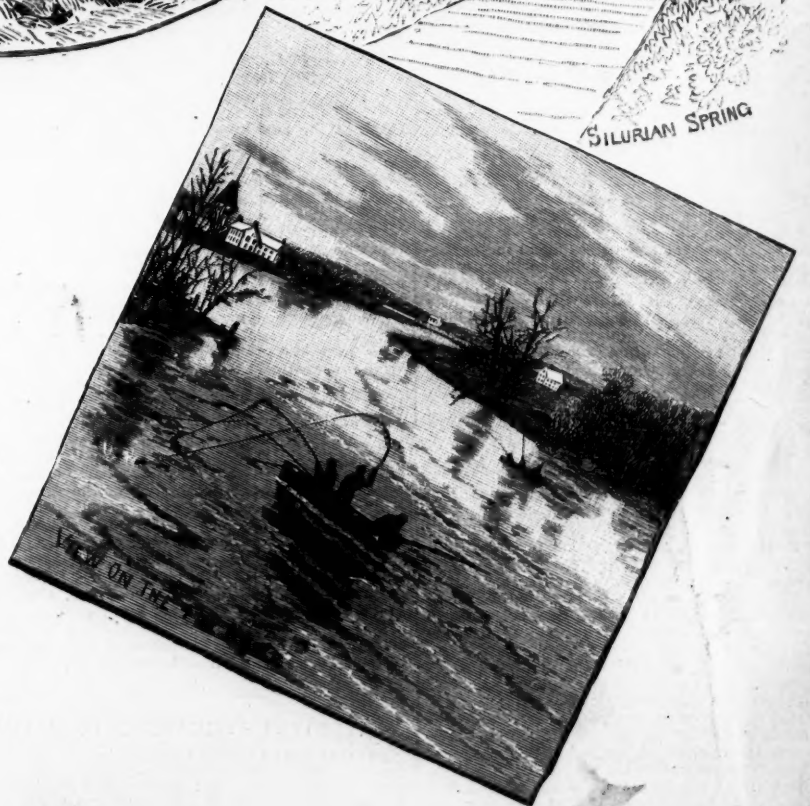
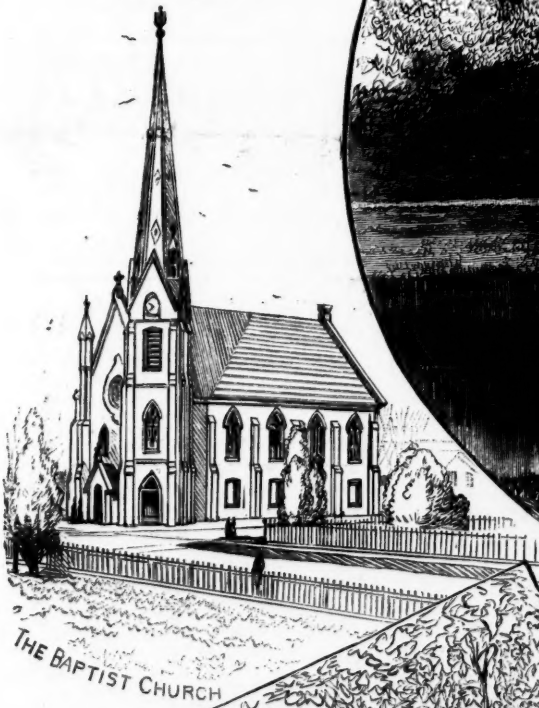
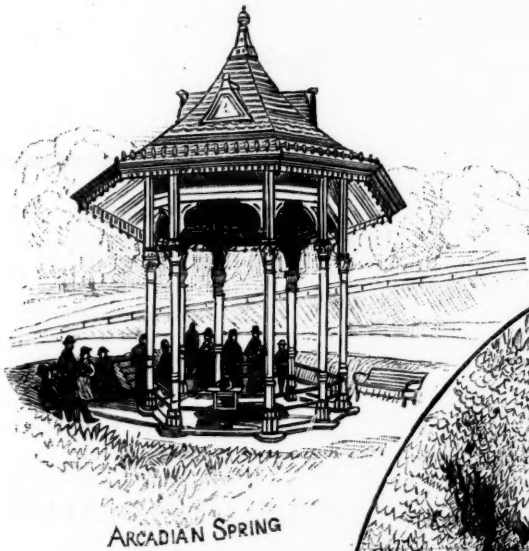
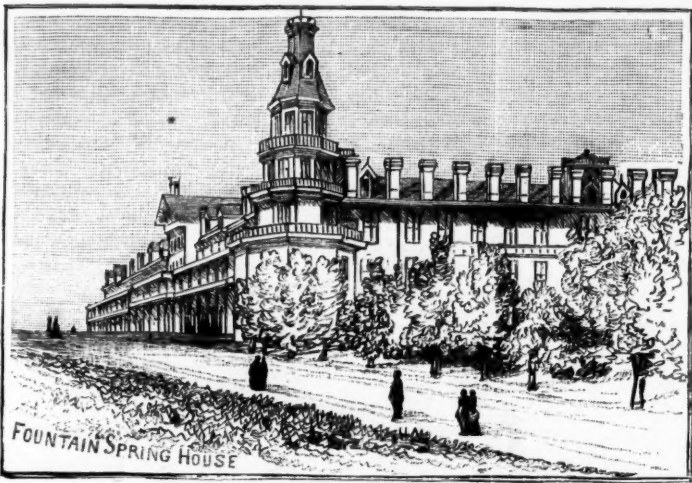


NOVA SCOTIA.—THE SEIZED AMERICAN SCHOONER "J. D. ADAMS" AS SHE APPEARS LYING AT THE WHARF AT DIGBY.

FROM A PHOTO. BY GEORGE F. PARKER.—SEE PAGE 283.



THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMSHIP "ALLER."—VIEW OF THE GRAND SALOON.



Downton pumps for fire and wash-deck purposes, fresh-water condensers, steel life-boats, a large number of life-rafts—in fact, all that will insure the safety of the ship at sea, working of cargo, and comfort of passengers.

The next important considerations, after safety is assured, are those of comfort and elegance. In this regard the *Aller* may challenge comparison with any vessel afloat. The first-class passengers are accommodated on the main deck, the dining-saloon being forward of the engines and boilers, as is usually the case in first-class steamers. The saloon is fitted up in a very handsome and elaborate manner, and is a spacious apartment, being about 50 feet long and 46 feet broad, and lighted by an open well from the ladies' saloon on the upper deck, with a large cupola skylight above, extending up through the promenade deck. The interior fittings and ornaments of the first cabin saloon, ladies' cabin and forward smoking-room are the work of the best decorators and artists of Germany, and are unique in every way. The saloon and ladies' cabin are finished in rococo style, entirely in white and gilt, with wood carvings and Munich stained glass in the dome over the centre of the saloon. The hangings are of heavy silk. As an instance of the wealth of decoration lavished on the three apartments, it may be mentioned that there are 180 paintings, large and small, composing part of the decorations of saloon, ladies' cabin, and forward smoking-room.

The second-class dining-saloon is on the main deck, aft. The ladies' cabin is placed above the main saloon. Amidships there is a promenade deck about 200 feet long, which is intended for the exclusive use of the first-class passengers. On this deck two luxurious smoking-rooms are arranged, and a third one, for second-class passengers, is fitted abait the engine-room. Special claims are made for the perfection of ventilation of the ship. In short, nothing that money and the science of modern shipbuilding can do to make the Atlantic voyage a luxury has been neglected in the fitting out of the *Aller*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

It is thought that Congress will be able to adjourn by July 15th.

The trial of the indicted Chicago Anarchists will commence on June 21st.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has declined to receive a wedding-present from the Sultan of Turkey.

THE business portion of the town of Litchfield, Conn., was destroyed by fire on the 11th inst.

REV. W. N. GILBERT, of St. Paul, has been elected Assistant Bishop (P. E.) of Minnesota.

THE Third Avenue (New York) car-strikers, being reduced to extremities, have made an appeal to the public for aid.

THE Senate Elections Committee have decided that there is nothing in the charges against Senator Payne of Ohio to warrant an investigation.

MEMORIAL services in honor of the late John Kelly were held last week by the Tammany Hall organization of New York city. They were of an informal character, and attended by many notable citizens.

THE will of the late George Lennon Oliver, of Philadelphia, gives the sum of \$500,000 to the Merchants' Fund Association, the income to be used in providing comfortable homes for indigent and infirm old merchants of that city.

THE Senate passed, last week, the Bill to prohibit members of Congress from accepting retainers or employment from railroad companies which have received land grants or pecuniary aid from Congress; but a motion to reconsider was subsequently entered.

FOREIGN.

THE Government will introduce a Bill to suppress betting and book-making on race-courses in France.

THE cholera is spreading in Venice, Italy, where the daily average of new cases is forty, with a death-rate of fifty per cent. London papers report that cholera has appeared on the Austrian frontier in places connected with Venice by railway.

ADVICES from Auckland, New Zealand, says that the recent volcanic eruption at Tarawera buried entire villages in the district in ashes. The surface of the earth for many miles around the active volcano was disturbed by the earthquake which accompanied the eruption. Twenty-six bodies have already been recovered from the ruins.

EVERYTHING is ready for the British elections, which will begin immediately after the expiration of the legal interval after the official announcement. Conservatives and Unionists will mutually support each other. The claims for election expenses and campaign literature will be enormously increased this year, especially in the Tory divisions, and it is more than doubtful if there will be money enough forthcoming to supply the demands. The wealthy politicians among the Tories are already beginning to feel the drain upon them.

STINGLESS BEES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Beekeeper's Magazine* writes: "During our stay on the Island of Cuba we employed much time investigating its honey flora and the quality of honey produced by each variety. On one occasion we were examining the flowers of a royal palm, which, standing at the foot of a rather steep hill and ourselves at an elevation, brought the circle of flowers within twenty feet of us. We could with our powerful field-glass bring the bees, so to speak, so near that the characteristics of the different kinds were easily discovered. There were wasps, yellow-jackets, bumblebees and Italians. But what particularly attracted our attention was a little insect which to our recollection was exactly like the stingless bee of South America, which we had seen on one or two occasions several years ago, and we at once surmised they were identical. After a good deal of inquiry we finally learned that our surmises were correct, and that a colony of these delightful little insects was in possession of a native living several miles away in the dense forest, engaged in a primitive way in the production of charcoal.

Pedro Casanova and myself at once set out on horseback and arrived at the cabin of the Cuban just as the sun was going down, and to our delight found the object of our search. The little beauties were located in the section of a hollow log about six inches in diameter, and two feet long, suspended by a rope on the side wall of the cabin in a horizontal position. A little round hole, scarcely a quarter of an inch in diameter, in the centre of one end of the log, formed the only place of exit or entrance; the other end was closed with what seemed to be a conglomeration of pollen, wax, resin and some other moist and sticky material. Looking into the entrance hole, all we could discover was the little white fuzzy head of one of these insects peering out at us in a cautious, half-cowardly manner. The last of these foragers were just returning, and it was amusing to see how swiftly, yet surely, they would always dart from the air directly into the little entrance hole without ever once missing or having to crawl in, like our ordinary bees. In all their movements they are as swift as lightning, and we had great difficulty in catching one, and more in keeping him after being caught. The other end of this log hive was filled with a plug, which being withdrawn, the lady of the house took a sharp-pointed stick, and, reaching into the centre of the hive, perforated several of the largest bags; then, holding a glass tumbler under and slightly elevating the other end of the hive, the honey ran in a stream, and soon nearly filled the tumbler with a very delicious but rather thin honey. This honey is supposed by the natives to possess medicinal virtues, and is sold at a high price, something like the "bumblebee honey" in the city, with this difference: That the former is the real honey produced by stingless bees, while the latter, so far as the bumblebee is concerned in its production, is a myth; but so far as either possesses any medical superiority over ordinary honey, it must reside entirely with the faith of the patient.

A NATION OF LIARS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, writing from Teheran, Persia, says: "You've often heard of the champion liar, and many people in the United States even at this present day pretend to believe that the book agent, the lightning-rod man and Eli Perkins are the three great liars of the world. But these people don't know the Persians. With our liars at home mendacity is an acquired science, and has taken years and years and much hard study to develop, and even then they often—at least occasionally—speak the truth. With them artistic lying is an effort. It takes thought and pains to produce it in its perfection. Not so with the Persian. The modern Farsee is a natural liar. It goes against his grain, against all he holds most sacred in this queer world, to speak the truth. It is born with him, this inveterate love of prevarication—it is bred in the bone for generations and generations. I have noticed with the interest the student of human nature is liable to feel in such cases how astonished the Farsee is when he has caught himself unawares telling the truth. He then is out of his rôle, and feels so abashed and ashamed of himself that he looks sheepish and guilty; much as an American might after getting off an awful fib. Even with such people, however, when the noble art of romancing is carried to such perfection, moments will arise when it is desirable to know and hear the truth. And for such occasions the stock of Persian adulation, oaths, curses and appeals, is almost inexhaustible. One of the funniest is 'Rishe mera Kaffan Kerdi' (Literally, May you put my beard in the winding-sheet). I do not know where they get their lying propensities from, these Persians; but that they are the most invidious, insidious, unconscionable storytellers in the world there is no doubt."

AN IDEAL SUMMER LAND.

"SUMMER HOMES," which has lately been published by the Passenger Department of the New York, Ontario and Western Railway, illustrates one of the most delightful and attractive regions. But a few years since, Summer boarders were comparatively unknown in the counties traversed by this Road, but now, thanks to wise and judicious management, superior train service and the real and substantial advantages offered, the entire country is becoming, as has been not inaptly remarked, "one vast boarding-house." All which the Summer tourist can possibly desire in the way of pure air and water, climate, scenery and sport, may be found along the line of the New York, Ontario and Western, and faithfully and accurately described in "Summer Homes." And after personal inspection of the line and its attractions, one is inclined to remark with the famous tourist of old, "the half has not been told." The views from the Haverstraw Tunnel, along the hills of Sullivan and the intervals of Delaware, of the West Branch at Rock-Rift, of Oxford and the Valley of the Chenango, of Oneida Valley, of Sylvan Beach, and other points along the line, will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to see them under favorable conditions, and it is doubtful whether any route of travel could possibly be selected which would present so much of real beauty and varied interest in an equal distance. The charming and busy Oswego River and city, at the northern terminus of the route, make a fitting close to a journey full of picturesque effect and scenic attractions. The management of the Ontario and Western lately entertained representatives of the principal New York and Brooklyn journals, by an excursion over their line, the enjoyment of which was increased by a generous reception by the citizens of Oswego. Ex-Speaker Littlejohn, in his remarks at the banquet to the guests, spoke earnestly in favor of the proposed lengthening of the locks and enlargement of the Erie Canal, a measure which he declared was fraught with the most important consequences to the City of New York, and the commercial supremacy of the State. "Summer Homes" may be obtained by addressing J. C. Anderson, General Passenger Agent of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, 18 Exchange Place, New York, and at the principal ticket offices of the Company in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

A FAVORITE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ROYALTY has no special followers in this country, yet the Prince of Wales will be acknowledged as a good judge of wine. At a dinner given him by the Savage Club in London some time ago, when the wine list was presented to him to make his own selection, the royal guest put a pencil-mark opposite MUM'S EXTRA DRY, which, with a glass of sherry for his fish, constituted his only beverage for the occasion. It was excellent good taste.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, INCOMPARABLE IN SICK HEADACHE.

DR. FRED HORNER, JR., Salem, Va., says: "To relieve the indigestion and so-called sick-headache, and mental depression incident to certain stages of rheumatism, it is incomparable."

FUN.

MANY an "old salt" looks "fresh" when he gets in New York.

A NEW play is called "Two Bad Eggs." It must be hard to beat.

A BASEBALL-PLAYER in New Jersey is named Spuyder. He catches lots of flies.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A HARTFORD MAN WINS \$1,200.

OCCASIONALLY a Hartford man turns up as a winner in a lottery, and when such an event happens, the hit is pretty likely to be made in The Louisiana State Lottery. Only a short time ago a lad named Duffy drew \$5,000, and the money was promptly forwarded to him, the *Times* reporting the case at the time. And now comes Benjamin F. Prouty, a bookkeeper in Gold Street, who receives the welcome intelligence that he is the winner of one-fifth of ticket No. 84,514, which drew the fourth capital prize of \$6,000. This ticket was in the drawing of the 11th inst. Mr. Prouty was advised of his good fortune on the 21st, and to-day received his share of the ticket, viz., \$1,200. A few years ago the same man was half owner of a ticket which drew \$2,000, and he was promptly paid his share. He may be considered a lucky man, but he says the chances are open to all, and he thinks the risk worth taking.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times*, May 28th.

ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN.

"SWEET is revenge, especially to women," said the gifted but naughty Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely or severely, in Dr. R. V. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION." Safe in its action, it is a blessing, especially to women, and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.

DR. GEORGE A. SCOTT, of New York, whose large and successful operations in Electricity applied to personal uses in apparel, in brushes, combs and other articles, is on his way to Europe to complete contracts for an Electric Cigarette, soon to be offered in this country.

"THE U. S. Consul at Malta, my own father, several of my parishioners, and a number of others, I have known to be cured of stubborn skin diseases by PALMER'S 'SKIN-SUCCESS.' Refer to me if you wish."—REV. T. S. FLYNN, Morristown, N. J.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

AN OFFENSIVE BREATH.

IS most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify.

BUT few articles have reached such a world-wide reputation as ANGIOTON BITTERS. For over fifty years they have been the acknowledged standard regulators of the digestive organs. Their success has incited imitations. Be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

***** ORGANIC weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Inclose 10 cents in stamps for book of particulars. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.
Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.
For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine.
Send for circular.
BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CRITTENTON on each packet). Of druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c., mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 FULTON ST., New York.

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Adjustable and Folding Cot and Reclining Chair,
For Summer Hotels, Cottages, Camping, Steamers, and for home use; adjustable to any desired position, and folds compactly. Send for Catalogue.
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For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

An interesting pamphlet entitled "Medical Opinions on the Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.

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SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00.
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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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In any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea, or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



You may cry *Standard*. Say your house was founded a hundred years ago, or call yourself the *leading*; but the public simply want the most and the best for their money. Ready Mixed Paints have come to stay. The colors are all full of them. Old School Boss Painters have given them an opposition as bitter, as malignant and as vindictive as Old School Doctors gave Vaccination. That their attacks have been so universal, so intense and so virulent, only proves that Ready Mixed Paints are a Radical Improvement of first-class importance. The same class opposed as bitterly and uselessly the introduction of machinery. This class of people never, in the whole history of the human race, gave this venomous, poisonous, burn-them-at-the-stake opposition to anything that amounted to nothing. Good Ready Mixed Paints have made a record now for wear not made by any other paint. The number of bricks in a house and their cost per thousand, the whole number of thousands of feet of lumber in a house and its cost per thousand feet, no contracting mason or builder wishes to conceal from his customer. Is it an innovation, then, on the rights of an Old School Painter, if his customer knows that a gallon of Ready Mixed Paint weighs from 15 1/2 to 15 3/4 lbs., and will cover two hundred square feet of new work twice? Stop trying to make a mystery of your job; stop opposing honest manufacturers, who only want to put in your hands the best materials in their best and most convenient form, with which to decorate our homes. Spend your time in trying to give, with a deft and skilled hand, those beautiful effects in decoration which are your province, and you will sell your customer for less, pay your men better, and make more money for yourselves. Your messes mixed by hand are out of date. We give a circular (to be had for the asking) which tells how our Ready Mixed Paint is made, and what it is made of. \$1.25 per gallon is lower in price than anything at all approaching it in quality, offered either in this or the old countries. If your dealers will not supply you, send to us direct, THE F. J. NASH MANUFACTURING CO., Nyack, Rockland County, New York.

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HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.
Packages, 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. C. E. HIRSH, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

FINE HAVANA CIGARS sent by mail in boxes of twenty-five, at wholesale prices. For price-list and box of samples, send fifteen cents in stamps to FRANK O. WILLIAMS, Meriden, Conn.

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Best material, perfect fit, equals any \$5 or \$6 shoe every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas" \$3.00 Shoe, Warranted. Congress Button and Lace. Boys ask for the W. L. Douglas \$2.00 Shoe. Same styles as the \$3.00 Shoe. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



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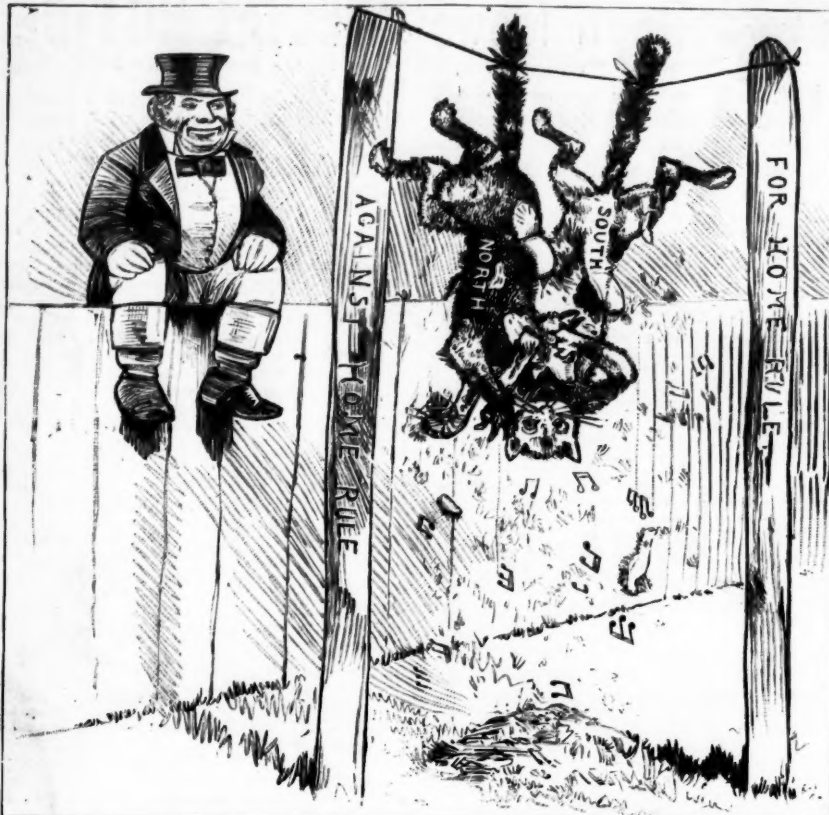
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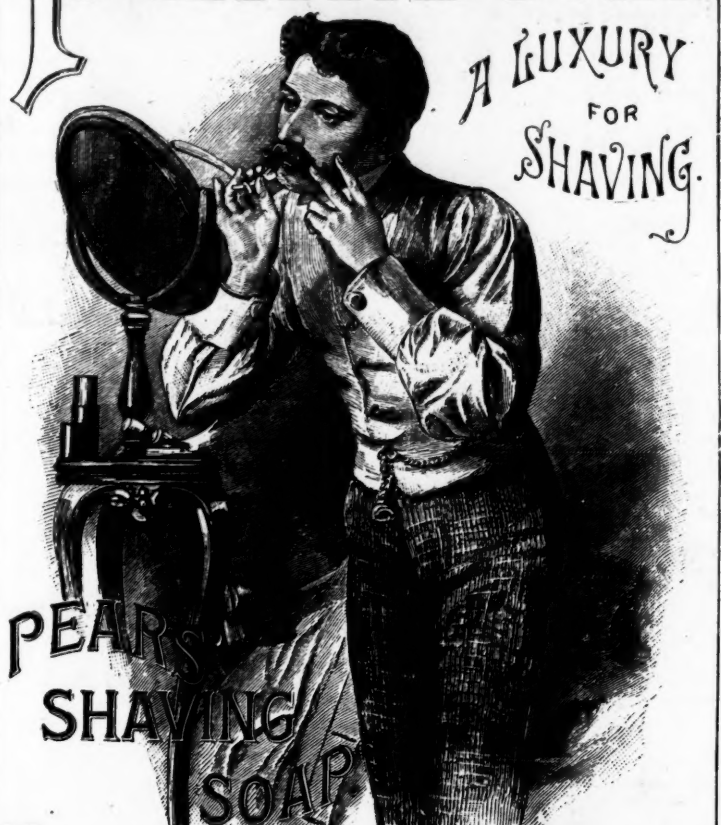
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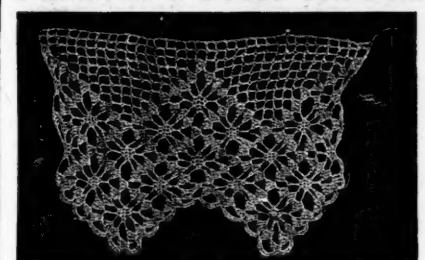


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